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# THE THIRD READER.

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## LESSON I.

hearth	mis'-chief	ear'-li-er	speak'-ing
knee	worst'-ed	thirst'-y	scram'-ble
ought	catch'-ing	guessed	be-gin'-ning
fault	watch'-ing	squeaked	touch'-ing



### WHAT ALICE SAID TO THE KITTEN.

1. One thing was certain: the white kitten had had nothing to do with it; it was the black kitten's fault entirely. For the white kitten had been having its face washed by the old cat for the

last quarter of an hour: so you see it couldn't have had any hand in the mischief.

2. The way Dinah washed her child's face was this: first she held the poor thing down by its ear with one paw, and then with the other paw she rubbed its face all over, the wrong way, beginning at the nose.

3. Just now, as I said, she was hard at work on the white kitten, which was lying quite still, and trying to purr—no doubt feeling that it was all meant for its good.

4. But the black kitten had been finished earlier in the afternoon; and so, while Alice was sitting curled up in a corner of the great arm-chair, half talking to herself and half asleep, the kitten had been having a grand game of romps with the ball of worsted which Alice had been trying to wind up.

5. She had been rolling it up and down till it had all come undone again. And there it was, spread over the hearth-rug, all kinds of tangles, with the kitten running after its own tail in the middle.

6. "Oh, you wicked, wicked little thing," cried Alice, catching up the kitten, and giving it a kiss. "Really, Dinah ought to have taught you better

manners! — You ought, Dinah; you know you ought!" she added, looking at the old cat, and speaking in as cross a voice as she could manage.

7. Then she scrambled back into the arm-chair, taking the kitten and the worsted with her, and began winding up the ball again. But she didn't get on very fast, as she was talking all the time, sometimes to the kitten and sometimes to herself.

8. Kitty sat demurely on her knee, pretending to watch the progress of the winding, and now and then putting out one paw and gently touching the ball, as if it would be glad to help, if it might.

9. "Do you know what to-morrow is, Kitty?" Alice began. "You'd have guessed if you'd been up in the window with me; only Dinah was making you tidy, so you couldn't. I was watching the boys getting in sticks for the bonfire; and it takes plenty of sticks, Kitty. But it got so cold, and it snowed so, they had to leave off. Never mind, Kitty; we'll go and see the bonfire to-morrow."

10. Here Alice wound two or three turns of the worsted round the kitten's neck, just to see how it would look. This led to a scramble, in which the ball rolled down upon the floor, and yards and yards of it got unwound again.

11. "Do you know, I was so angry, Kitty," Alice went on, as soon as they were comfortably settled again, "when I saw all the mischief you had been doing? I was very nearly opening the window and putting you out into the snow; and you'd have deserved it, you little playful darling.



What have you to say for yourself?"

12. "Now, don't interrupt me," she went on, holding up one finger. "I am going to tell you all your faults.

13. "Number One. You squeaked twice while Dinah was washing your face this afternoon. Now, you can't deny it, Kitty; I heard you. What's that you say?"—pretending that the kitten was speaking—"Her paw went into your eye? Well, that's your fault for keeping your eyes open. If you had shut them up tight, it would not have happened. Now don't make any more excuses, but listen.

14. "Number Two. You pulled Snow-drop away by the tail, just as I had put down the saucer of milk before her. What, you were thirsty, were you? How do you know she wasn't thirsty too?"

15. "Now for Number Three. You unwound every bit of the worsted while I wasn't looking. That's three faults, Kitty, and you've not been punished for any of them yet. You know I have been saving up all your punishments for Wednesday week.

16. "Suppose they had saved up all my punishments," she went on, talking more to herself than the kitten, "what would they do at the end of the year? I should be sent to prison, I suppose, when the day came.

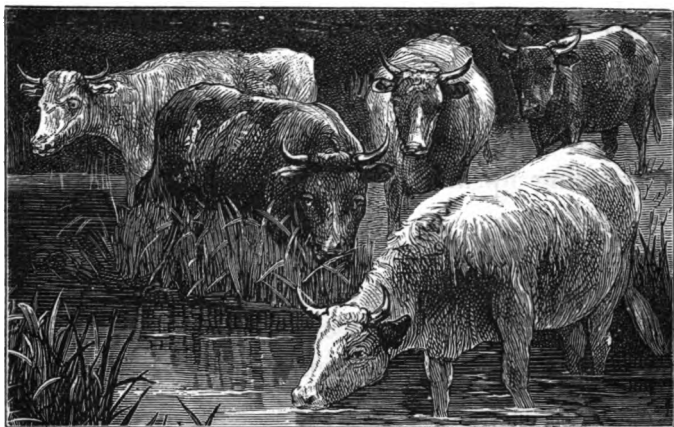
17. "Or—let me see—suppose each punishment was to be going without a dinner? Then when the miserable day came, I should have to go without fifty dinners at once. Well, I shouldn't mind that much. I'd far rather go without them than eat them."

---

**Tan'-gle**—a confused mixture.  
**Pro'-gress**—advance, motion forward.  
**Pre-tend'-ing**—trying to make something appear to be real when it is not real.

**In-ter-rupt'**—to stop, or hinder.  
**Mis'-er-a-ble**—wretched, unhappy.  
**De-mûre'-ly**—with a grave solemn look, modestly.





## LESSON II.

rhyme  
comb

glue  
rough

fierce  
reins

yield  
plough

## CATTLE.

1. I daresay you remember the pretty little nursery rhyme which begins :—

“Thank you, pretty cow, which gave  
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,  
Every day, and every night,  
Fresh, and warm, and sweet, and white.”

2. We should, indeed, be most ungrateful if we did not value highly the cow and the ox. The cow supplies us with milk, from which we make

butter and cheese, and the ox often helps to till the ground, and after spending their lives in our service, the cow and the ox give up to us, for our benefit, their flesh, skin, hair, horns, and hoofs.

3. Their flesh is one of the best of meats; the skin is tanned into leather; the horns are cut into combs; the hoofs are used for making glue, and the hair is mixed with the plaster which we put upon the walls of our houses.

4. There are many different kinds of cattle, some are very large, some small. The Shetland breed is not much larger than a calf of some of the others. Some have rough skins and some have smooth skins; and it is remarkable that the animals which live in warm districts have very little hair, and those which live in cold places have rough coats.

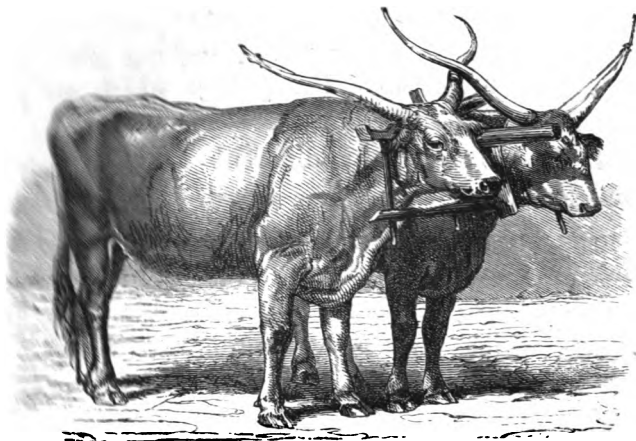
5. Devonshire cattle are smooth, whilst in animals of the Highland breed the coat is quite shaggy. Some cattle have long horns, some have short horns, and some have scarcely any horns at all. At the present time short-horned cattle are more highly prized than any other.

6. Perhaps the prettiest of all the cows is the little Alderney. This is the lady's cow. She yields richer milk than any other. She is very



and will suffer herself to be fondled by her master.

Of foreign breeds, France has the best working oxen; and among these the Breton bull deserves honourable mention. So do Hungarian

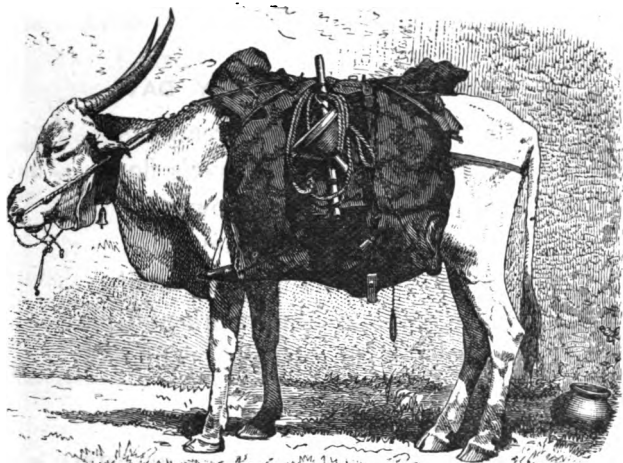


HUNGARIAN OXEN

oxen, which have very long horns, and which are so very quiet that they are driven by the ploughman without either reins or whip. They obey his voice only.

8. The Kaffirs employ oxen as beasts of burden. In old times the Hottentots used to train them to fight, and they would gore, and kick, and trample the foe to death, with intense fury.

9. The ox has a great many relations ; and some of them are very fierce. Many are known under the common name of buffalo. The American buffalo, or bison, and the Indian buffalo in its wild state, are very savage animals. The domestic Indian buffalo is used as a beast of burden.



ZEBU.

10. The zebu or Indian ox is used for riding, and will carry a man between sixty and seventy miles in a day.

**Re-mark'a-ble** — worthy of special mention.

**Do'-cile**—quiet, easily managed.

**Hon'-our-a-ble**—creditable.

**Do-mes'-tic** — tame, living at home, not wild.

**For'-eign** — belonging to other countries.

## LESSON III.

small'-est  
great'-est  
bound'-less  
en-deav'-our



heav'-en  
pass'-age  
sen'-tence  
har'-vests

## LEARN A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

1. Little rills make wider streamlets,  
Streamlets swell the river's flow ;  
Rivers join the ocean billows,  
Onward, onward, as they go !  
Life is made of smallest fragments,  
Shade and sunshine, work and play ;  
So may we, with greatest profit,  
Learn a little every day.
2. Tiny seeds make boundless harvests,  
Drops of rain compose the showers,  
Seconds make the flying minutes,  
And minutes make the hours !  
Let us hasten, then, and catch them  
As they pass us on our way,  
And, with honest, true endeavour,  
Learn a little every day.

3. Let us read some striking passage,  
 Cull a verse from every page;  
 Here a line, and there a sentence,  
 'Gainst the lonely time of age.  
 At our work, or by the wayside,  
 While the sun shines making hay;  
 Thus we may, by help of Heaven,  
 Learn a little every day.

Stream'-let—a little stream.  
 Swell—increase.  
 Frag'-ments—parts.  
 Com-pose'—make up.

“Striking passage”—one that  
 attracts attention from its im-  
 portance.  
 Cull—select.

#### LESSON IV.

wreaths      breez'-es      e-nough'      moist'-ure

#### THE LITTLE DANDELION.

1. Before the cowslip, or the daisy, or even the little blue violet, awakes from its long winter sleep, brave dandelion begins to unfold her green leaves, and peep up at the bright sun.

2. Although the ground may be hard and frosty, and the days chill and windy, caring neither for cold nor rain, she thrives and grows.

3. Then, some warm pleasant day, she sends

forth a cluster of little green buds with golden fringe, which swell and expand their small leaves, and at last, one by one, open wide to the genial warmth of spring.

4. Fast falls the last lingering snow ; but under its fleecy tent they merrily chat, and count their store of gold. When once more they are able to see the blue sky, they seem even brighter than before the cold snow had hidden them from view.

5. Each sister, standing on her slender foot, nods her head to the birds. She tells them that spring is coming and will soon be here ; that the trees will before long be clothed in green, and that the other flowers, more beautiful than herself, will be brightening the earth with their rainbow hues.

6. Scattered over the fields are other dandelions as brave and bright as these, and the little children pick them and twine themselves wreaths, which on their fair brows look as beautiful as the golden crown of a king.

7. When the days lengthen, and the sun grows warmer, the many-coloured butterflies, flitting from flower to flower, light on the lowly dandelion, and seem to linger as if they would make it their home ; but no, they are soon off again, as restless as before.

8. The bee at evening, on his way to the hive, stops to refresh himself, and the robin, from the apple tree close by, pours forth his morning song that the dandelion may listen.

9. But when the long summer days come, and the thirsty sun drinks all the moisture from the soil, withering everything with his scorching rays, faint little dandelion closes her eye, and her golden hair turns white.

10. But even when old and grey her work is not all done. She flies away on the summer breezes to other fields and waysides, where another year her presence will gladden the eye, and tell of the brighter days to come. Or she is woven into the nest of a robin, to help to make it soft and downy for the little ones; or, perhaps, borne on a strong wind, or the wing of a bird, she blooms in other lands far over the sea.

11. In these and many other ways, this little flower, which is so common, and which we do not value half enough for this very reason, does good, and teaches us lessons of bravery and cheerfulness.

---

**Fringe**—border.  
**Fleec'-y**—like wool.  
**Hues**—colours.

**Borne**—carried.  
**Ex-pand'**—to spread out.  
**Lin'-ger**—to loiter.

## LESSON V.

fur'-ni-ture

suf-fi'-cient

com-plèt'-ed

rick'-et-y

de-priv'-ed

dis-ap-point'

## THE ROBIN'S NEST.

1. I have a story to tell you about two clever robins. It is quite true; for I myself witnessed what you are going to hear about.

2. There was a carpenter's room in our garden, an empty brick-walled room, with a low roof, and a rickety door made of planks. An ill-shaped carpenter's bench was its only furniture.

3. A small window, which never opened, would have admitted a few rays from the sun, had it not been for a shutter which was fastened on to the wall outside, making utter darkness within. But this shutter was put on in such an awkward way that a crevice several inches wide was left between it and the glass.

4. The winter winds had filled this crevice with dead, dried leaves, pushing them through one little hole that there was between the shutter and the wall; and among these dead, dry leaves two clever robins built a famous nest.

5. This one little hole admitted just one little

bird at a time, and just sufficient light to let them see that they made no mistakes. I used to go every day, and open the old door as gently as I could, then close it behind me again, and stand in a dark corner, where I could watch these dear little birds working so happily together.

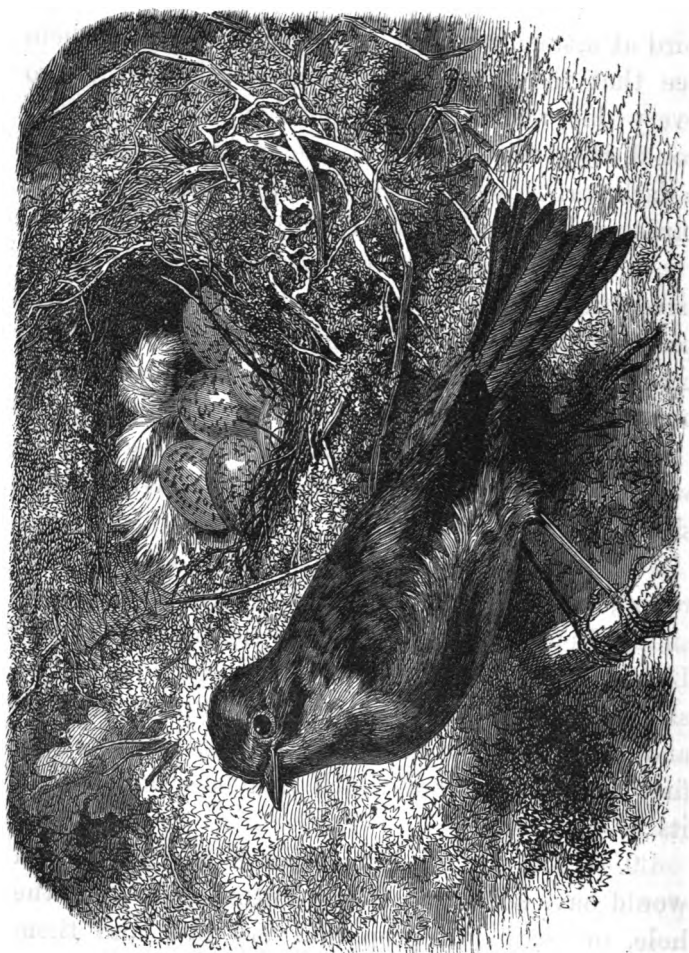
6. They never knew who peeped at them; they never knew that two big eyes watched all their pretty little ways. At length the little nest was completed, the pretty eggs laid, and five young ones hatched.

7. I wish you could have seen the *just* way in which Mr. Robin fed the gaping, yellow-mouthed, sightless creatures.

8. A worm, however small, went all the way round, a little bit for each, which he cleverly snapped off as he let it dip into the hungry throat. If it chanced that the fifth had to go without its share, away he flew for another tempting morsel, and, before ever feeding the others, he gave the first taste to the one which had been deprived of its first helping.

9. While the fledglings were being fed, you would have seen Mrs. Robin fluttering around the hole, or casting a peep in every now and then, chirruping away with all her might.





ROBIN AND NEST.

10. During Mr. and Mrs. Robin's absence, the little ones cuddled down quite contentedly into the warm nest, seeming to enjoy a heavy doze; but presently a clatter commences, and baby chirrup proceeds from the downy couch, for Father Robin's approach is heard.

11. Watch them! the five little beaks open again, ready to receive the tit-bit they are sure their good father has brought them. True enough; robin hops in with another fine worm; and he feeds them as he had done before until they are all quite satisfied.

12. Now a change takes place, and Mrs. Robin comes in, softly chirruping, spreads her wings, and puffs out her breast-feathers, then covers her little ones for a good sleep. She, too, closes her eyes, for they are as safe as can be.

13. Father Robin keeps watch outside. Sometimes I saw him come and peep, then fly off, but never far, for I could hear his clear notes ringing a thrilling song to his wife and young ones in the nest behind the shutter.

14. Day by day I went to visit the carpenter's work-room, and day by day the fledglings grew; their eyes began to twinkle, and their wings and little tails began to show signs of feathers.

15. Each day their clamour grew louder, and their bodies bigger, till Robin had to bring them larger worms, and the nest looked too small to hold them. Still Mrs. Robin managed to cover them with her wings.

16. At last I began to fear my pleasure of watching this interesting little family must soon come to an end, and what was my disappointment one day, on opening the old door, to find my little birds all flown!

17. The sun was shining brightly, the sky was as blue as a sapphire, the trees green as emeralds; so I suppose that Mr. and Mrs. Robin thought this a good opportunity for bringing their little ones out to see the beautiful world God had given them, and to teach them how to build nests for themselves.

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**Crev'-ice**—a crack, a chink, a narrow opening.

**Fledg'-lings**—young birds with new feathers.

**Sap-phire'**—a precious stone of a beautiful blue colour.

**Em'-er-ald**—a precious stone of a beautiful green.



LESSON VI.

trav'-el-ler  
moist-en

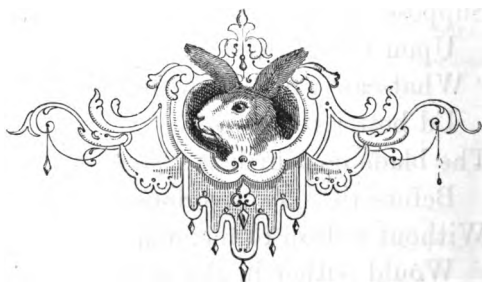


strength  
grieve

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

1. Suppose the little cowslip  
Should hang its golden cup,  
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,  
I'd better not grow up."  
How many a weary traveller  
Would miss its fragrant smell,  
How many a little child would grieve  
To lose it from the dell.
2. Suppose the glistening dew-drop  
Upon the grass should say,  
"What can a little dew-drop do?  
I'd better roll away."  
The blade on which it rested,  
Before the day was done,  
Without a drop to moisten it,  
Would wither in the sun.

3. Suppose the little breezes  
Upon a summer's day,  
Should think themselves too small to cool  
The traveller on his way ;  
Who would not miss the smallest  
And softest ones that blow,  
And think they made a great mistake  
If they were talking so.
4. How many deeds of kindness  
A little child may do,  
Although it has so little strength  
And little wisdom too !  
It wants a loving spirit,  
Much more than strength, to prove  
How many things a child may do  
For others by his love.



## LESSON VII.

launch	ea'-ger	rigged	fast'-ened
grief	cous'-in	clapped	a-shamed
stowed	count'-ry	beat'-ing	scamp'-er

## HOT COALS.—Part I.

1. Joe Benton lived in the country. Not far from his father's home was a large pond. His cousin Herbert had given him a beautiful boat, nicely rigged, with masts and sails, all ready to go to sea on the pond. Joe had formed a sailing company among his schoolmates.

2. They had elected him captain. The boat was snugly stowed away in a little cave near the pond. At three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the boys were to meet and launch the boat.

3. On the morning of this day, Joe rose early. It was a lovely morning, and Joe was in fine spirits when he thought of the afternoon.

4. "Glorious!" said he to himself as he finished dressing. "Now, I've just time to run down to the pond before breakfast, and see that the boat is all right. Then I'll hurry home and learn my lessons for Monday, so as to be ready for the afternoon; for the captain must be up to time."

5. Away he went, scampering towards the cave where the boat had been ready for the launch. As he drew near, he saw the signs of mischief, and felt uneasy. The big stone before the cave had been rolled away.

6. The moment he looked within he burst into a loud cry. There was the beautiful boat, which his cousin had given him, with its masts and sails all broken to pieces, and a large hole bored in the bottom.

7. Joe stood for a moment, motionless with grief and surprise; then, with his face all red with anger, he exclaimed—

8. "I know who did it—*unkind boy*. It was Fred Brown—he was angry because I did not ask him to the launch; but I'll pay him for this, see if I don't!"

9. Then he pushed back the ruined boat into the cave, and, hurrying on some way down the road, he fastened a string across the footpath, a few inches from the ground, and carefully hid himself in the bushes.

10. Presently a step was heard, and Joe eagerly peeped out. He expected to see Fred coming along, but, instead of Fred, it was his cousin Herbert.

11. He was the last person Joe cared to see

just then ; so he unfastened the string, and lay quiet, hoping that he would not see him.

12. But Herbert's quick eye soon caught sight of him ; and Joe had to tell him all that had happened, and wound up by saying, " But never mind ; I mean to make him smart for it."

13. " Well, what do you mean to do, Joe ? " asked Herbert.

14. " Why, you see, Fred carries a basket of eggs to market every morning, and I mean to trip him over this string and smash them all."

15. Joe knew that this was not a right feeling, and he expected to get a sharp lecture from his cousin. But, to his surprise, he only said, in a quiet way—

16. " Well, I think Fred does deserve some punishment ; but this string is an old trick. I can tell you something better than that."

17. " What ? " cried Joe, eagerly.

18. " How would you like to put a few coals of fire on his head ? "

19. " What, *burn* him ? " asked Joe, doubtfully. His cousin nodded his head. Joe clapped his hands. " Bravo ! " said he, " that's just the thing, cousin Herbert.

20. " You see his hair is so thick he would not



get burned much before he would have time to shake them off; but I would just like to see him jump once. Now, tell me how to do it—quick!”

21. “‘If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.’ ‘Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.’ There,” said Herbert, “that is what the Bible teaches us to do; that is the best kind of punishment that Fred could have.”

22. You should have seen how long Joe’s face grew while Herbert was speaking. “Now, I do say, cousin Herbert,” added Joe, “that is a real take-in. Why, it is just no punishment at all.”

23. “Try it once,” said Herbert. “Treat Fred kindly, and I am certain that he will feel so ashamed and unhappy, that kicking or beating him would be like fun in comparison.”

24. Joe was not really a bad boy, but he was now in a very ill temper, and he said sullenly, “But you have told me a story, cousin Herbert. You said this kind of coals would burn, and they don’t at all.”

25. “You are mistaken about that,” said Herbert. “I have known such coals burn up malice, envy, and ill-feeling; and then leave some

cold hearts feeling as warm and pleasant and happy as possible."

26. Joe drew a long sigh. "Well, tell me a good coal to put on Fred's head, and I will see about it."

27. "You know," said Herbert, "that Fred is very poor, and can seldom buy himself a book, although he is very fond of reading; but you have quite a library."

28. "Now suppose—but no, I won't suppose anything about it. Just think over the matter, and find your own coal. But be sure to kindle it with love, for no other fire burns like that."

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**E-lect'-ed**—chosen.

**Doubt'-ful-ly**—with uncertainty.

**Sul'-len-ly**—crossly, sulkily.

**Mal'-ice**—ill-will, enmity at heart.

**En'-vy**—pain and discontent at another's success.

**Li'-bra-ry**—a room for books.

**Kin'-dle**—to stir up, to animate, to set on fire.

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### LESSON VIII.

pail

trav'-el

pleas'-ure

ap'-pe-tite

caught

sow'-ing

whist'-ling

in'-jur-ies

### HOT COALS.—Part II.

1. Then Herbert sprang over the fence and went whistling away. Before Joe had time to

collect his thoughts he saw Fred coming down the lane carrying a basket of eggs in one hand and a pail of milk in the other.

2. For a moment the thought crossed Joe's mind, "What a grand smash it would have been if Fred had fallen over the string!" But he drove it away in an instant, and was glad enough that the string was put away in his pocket.

3. Fred started, and looked very uncomfortable, when he first caught sight of Joe; but the little fellow began at once with, "Fred, have you much time to read now?"

4. "Sometimes," said Fred, "when I've driven the cows home, and done all my work, I have a little piece of daylight left; but the trouble is I've read every book I can get hold of."

5. "How would you like to take my new book of travels?" asked Joe. Fred's eyes fairly danced. "Oh, may I? may I? I'd be so careful of it."

6. "Yes," answered Joe; "and perhaps I have some others you may like to read. And, Fred," he added, a little slyly, "I would ask you to come and help to sail my new boat this afternoon, but some one has broken the masts, and torn up the sails, and made a great hole in the bottom. Who do you suppose did it?"

7. Fred's head dropped on his breast; but after a moment he looked up with great effort, and said—"Oh, Joe! I did it; but I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am. You didn't know that I was so mean when you promised to lend me the books, did you?"

8. "Well, I rather thought you did it," said Joe, slowly. "And yet you didn't ——" Fred could get no further. He felt as if he would choke. His face was as red as a live coal. He could stand it no longer; so off he walked without saying a word.

9. "That coal *does* burn," said Joe to himself. "I know Fred would rather I had smashed every egg in his basket than to have offered to lend him that book."

10. Joe took two or three somersaults, and went home with a light heart and a grand appetite for breakfast.

11. When the captain and crew of the little vessel met at the appointed hour they found Fred there before them, eagerly trying to repair the injuries; and, as soon as he saw Joe, he hurried to present him with a beautiful flag which he had bought for the boat with a part of his own money.

12. The boat was repaired and launched, and

made a grand trip ; and everything had turned out as cousin Herbert had said ; for Joe's heart was so warm and full of kind thoughts that he was never more happy in his life.

13. And Joe found out afterwards that the more he used of this curious kind of coal the larger supply he had on hand—kind thoughts, kind words, and kind actions.

14. "I declare, cousin Herbert," said he, with a merry twinkle of his eye, "I think I shall have to set up a coal-yard."

15. I should be glad to have all of you, my young friends, engage in this branch of the coal business. Never forget St. Paul's advice—"Be not overcome of evil ; but overcome evil with good."

DR. NEWTON.

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Crossed—passed through.

Re-paired—mended, made good.

Launched—sent into the sea.

Yield'-ed—gave.



## LESSON IX.

tempt'-ing	coach'-men	hand'-les	pun'-ished
stitch'-es	re-ceived'	ma-chine'	spec'-ta-cles
pat'-tern	gar'-den-er	in-ter-fere'	med'-dle-some

## MEDDLESOME TOM.

1. Tom was quite as meddlesome as the little girl named Matty, who broke her grandmother's spectacles, and got snuff into her eyes. He could leave nothing alone.

2. "Some day you will meddle too much," said his mother, "and then you will be sorry."

3. But Tom did not mind. Other people did, for Tom did a great deal of mischief in one way and another. If his mother laid down her knitting for a moment he would pull out the needles in order to see the little loops the stitches made.

4. If his sister's worsted work was on the table he began working at it, and was sure to make the pattern go wrong. If the gardener was weeding Tom said he would weed too, and pulled up more flowers than weeds, which vexed the gardener.



5. Then in the nursery, if he found the little ones playing at coaches, he would interfere and place the chairs in another way, and would insist on being the coachman himself, and take the whip from Robin, because he said he was not driving properly. Then the little ones would cry, and nurse was angry, and sent Tom out of the nursery.

6. But one day Tom met with a punishment. He had been peeping about, and listening, and hearing of some wonderful machine that his father had just received.

7. "I must go and have a look at it," said Tom to himself. And down he went to his father's study. He opened the door softly, and there stood the wonderful machine, with chains and handles and plates, most tempting to behold. Tom rubbed his hands and smiled. "I might take it to pieces," he said, "and put it together again without any one knowing." So he got upon a chair, and kneeling down he took a chain-handle in each hand.

8. "Ca—pital," he was going to say, but instead of finishing the word, he cried out "Oh! oh! oh!" and roared so loud that every one ran to see what was the matter. For no sooner had Tom taken hold of the handles than he felt as if pins and needles were pricking him, and he could not

take his hands away—the handles seemed to keep them fast. “Oh! oh! oh!” shrieked Tom.

9. “Ah!” said his father, who ran in on hearing Tom’s cries, “you have punished yourself at last.” Tom did not know what the wonderful machine was, but he made up his mind not to meddle with it again. And when his father loosed his hands he crept away to his room, not caring to hear the laughs and jokes that were made upon him. But he learned a lesson, and never again meddled with anything that he did not understand.

J. G.

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### LESSON X.

bough	breathes	scent'-ed	vi'-o-lets
calm	wreathes	de-lights'	lux'-u-ry

### THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.



1. It is summer! it is summer!  
 How beautiful it looks! There  
 is sunshine on the old grey hills,  
 and sunshine on the brooks; a  
 singing-bird on every bough; soft  
 perfumes on the air; a happy  
 smile on each young lip, and  
 gladness everywhere.



2. Oh ! is it not a pleasant thing to wander through the woods, to look upon the painted flowers, and watch the opening buds ; or, seated in the deep, cool shade, at some tall ash-tree's root, to fill my little basket with the sweet and scented fruit ?

3. They tell me that my father's poor—*that* is no grief to *me*, when such a blue and brilliant sky my upturned eye can see. They tell me, too, that richer girls can sport with toy and gem. It *may* be so ; and yet, methinks, I do not envy them.

4. When forth I go upon my way a thousand toys are mine, the clusters of dark violets, the wreaths of the wild vine. My jewels are the primrose pale, the bind-weed, and the rose. Oh ! show me any courtly gem more beautiful than those.

5. And then, the fruit—the glowing fruit—how sweet the scent it breathes ! I love to see its crimson cheek rest on the bright green leaves. Summer's own gift of luxury, in which the poor may share, the wild wood fruit my eager eye is seeking everywhere.

6. Oh ! summer is a pleasant time, with all its sounds and sights ; its dewy mornings, balmy eves, and tranquil, calm delights. I sigh when first I

see the leaves fall yellow on the plain ; and all the winter long I sing—"Sweet summer ! come again !"

**Per'-fumes** — scents, pleasant  
odours.

**Bril'-liant**—very bright, shining.

**Clust'-er**—a bunch.

**Court'-ly**—elegant, beautiful.

**Balm'-y**—soft, mild, soothing.

**Tran'-quil**—quiet.

## LESSON XI.

ex-act'-ly

op'-pos-ite

val'-u-a-ble

pret'-ti-er

e-rect'-ed

light'-ning

re-freshed

oc-ca'-sion

### THE BUCKWHEAT.—A Fable.

1. Once there was a field of buckwheat, and on the side of this field there was an old willow-tree. The buckwheat did not bend like the other grain, but erected its head proudly and stiffly on the stem. "I am as valuable as any other corn," said he, "and I am much handsomer; my flowers are as beautiful as the bloom of the apple-blossom, and it is a pleasure to look at me. Do you know of anything prettier than I am, you old willow-tree?"

2. And the willow-tree nodded his head, as if he would say, "Indeed, I do!" But the buck-

wheat spread itself out with pride, and said, "Stupid tree; he is so old that grass grows out of his body!"

3. There arose a very terrible storm. All the field-flowers folded their leaves together, or bowed their little heads, while the storm passed over them, but the buckwheat stood erect in its pride. "Bend your head as we do," said the flowers. "I have no occasion to do so," replied the buckwheat.

4. "Bend your head as we do," cried the ears of corn; "the angel of the storm is coming; his wings spread from the sky above to the earth beneath. He will strike you down before you can cry for mercy." "But I will not bend my head," said the buckwheat.

5. "Close your flowers and bend your leaves," said the old willow-tree. Do not look at the lightning when the cloud bursts; even men cannot do that. In a flash of lightning heaven opens, and we can look in; but the sight will strike even human beings blind. What, then, must happen to us, who only grow out of the earth, and are so inferior to them, if we venture to do so?"

6. "Inferior, indeed!" said the buckwheat. "Now I intend to have a peep into heaven!" Proudly and boldly he looked up, while the light-

ning flashed across the sky, as if the whole world were in flames.

7. When the dreadful storm had passed the flowers and the corn raised their drooping heads in the pure still air, refreshed by the rain, but the buckwheat lay like a weed in the field, burnt to blackness by the lightning. The branches of the old willow-tree rustled in the wind, and large water-drops fell from his green leaves as if the old willow were weeping.

8. Then the sparrows asked why he was weeping, when all around seemed so cheerful. "See," they said, "how the sun shines, and the clouds float in the blue sky. Do you not smell the sweet perfume from flower and bush? Wherefore do you weep, old willow-tree?" Then the willow told them of the haughty pride of the buckwheat, and of the punishment which followed in consequence.

9. "Pride," says the wise man, "goes before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."



**Buck'-wheat**—a kind of grain cultivated as food for cattle. In America the flour is made into breakfast cakes.

**In-fe'-ri-or**—beneath, lower in rank or station.

**Haught'-y**—proud.

**Cheer'-ful**—light of heart.

## LESSON XII.

sighed      yel'-low      plucked      gath'-er



## THE COMPLAINT OF THE WILD FLOWERS.

1. In the corner of a large field, and close to a swift-running brook, grew a great many wild flowers. The farmer had not driven his plough near them; and, as it was not a meadow, the cows and sheep had not cropped them off. They had a

very pleasant time of it. The sun shone on them all day long, the soft wind played with them. Many, by reaching over a little, could see themselves in the water, and they could all hear the sweet songs of the birds who had built their nests in a tree close by.

2. "How gay we look, in our snug little corner!" said the daisy one day. "That last shower has made us all so fresh."

"It is all very well," said a dandelion who grew close by; "but this place is too dull for me. I want to go and see the world."

"That is very foolish," said a piece of ivy, who had been busy for the last three years covering up some large stones that were lying in a heap beside the brook; "wandering about is not the way to get on."

"Well," said the daisy, "I should be quite content if only the little children would come and see us, and clap their hands, and say how pretty we are."

3. A lark, whose nest was close by, heard what the daisy said, and loved her for it; so he flew up in the air, and sang as he went—

"The daisy has a gold eye set round with silver. She looks always up into the sky like a

little star ; but she does not shine at night. When the dew begins to fall, the daisy shuts her eye and sleeps. But the birds sing on, for they love the little flower, she is so meek and fair."

The daisy heard what the lark said, and blushed quite red. If you look well among the daisies, you will find some of them always blushing.

4. "It is quite true," said the buttercup, when the lark had flown so high they could no longer hear him. "Little children once loved us very much, but now they go by to school, and do not even look at us. I am as bright a yellow as any flower can be—so bright that they used to put me under their chins to see who loved butter. I made a little chin a bright yellow, and they laughed, and said. 'See how he loves butter!' I was merry to hear how they laughed. They called me buttercup, because I was as yellow as butter."

5. "I hope I am yellow too," said the dandelion, "and larger than buttercup. The lark called the daisy a star ; but I am like a small sun. I am not a single flower, like buttercup, but a great many little flowers made into one large one. When I go to seed, I shall have a round white head ; then my head will blow to pieces, and I shall set out on my travels. Wherever I stop I shall plant one of

my seeds. There will be more dandelions than ever next year."

6. "Wait till you see if we leave you any room," said a gruff voice; and they all knew that it was a thistle who spoke. "My seeds fly about, cousin dandelion, like yours, and my prickly leaves take up so much room, I am not sure you will have space to grow."

That was true enough, for the thistle is larger than the dandelion, and, though its flower is pretty and red, no one can gather it without pricking himself.

7. "I am glad I have no prickles," said a sweet voice that filled the air with scent. "I like to be plucked by the little children. I send out a sweet smell to meet them, and they cry, 'There is a violet!' They lift up my green leaves gently one by one, they find me hidden there, and their eyes sparkle with pleasure as they carry me off."

"Every one loves you, dear violet," said the daisy; "and your sweet scent attracts more even than your beautiful colour and thick green leaves."

8. "Yes, it must be the scent," said a dog violet, who was growing where every one could see him; "for my leaves are just like my sister's, and I have a larger blossom, yet no one cares to gather



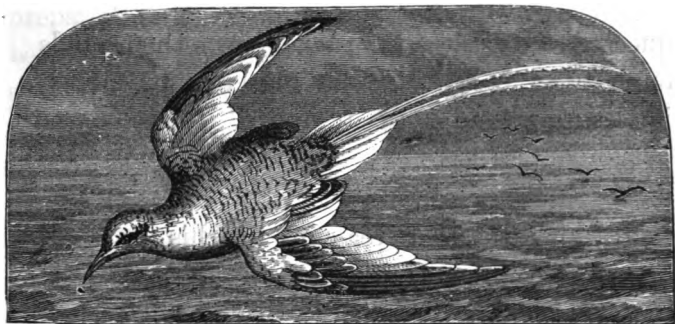
me. It surely cannot be because I am a few shades lighter in colour."

"No, no!" said a cowslip, shaking his long, yellow bells, "it is scent you lack. But even we who have it are not loved by little children as we should be.

9. "When they named me cowslip, because my breath is like that of the cow, so sweet and pure, they used always to gather me. The mothers made wine and tea of me, but the little children made me into cowslip-balls—round balls, bright yellow balls. They threw me in the air, and I filled it with scent, and dropped down into their little hands again, giddy with my pleasant flight. But now," said the cowslip, in a sad voice, "the little children do not know how to make cowslip-balls." All the flowers sighed; they were so sorry the little children did not love them.



## LESSON XIII.



## THE SEA-BIRD.

1. Bird of the stormy wave ! bird of the sea ;  
Wide is thy sweep, and thy course is free !  
Cleaving the blue air, and brushing the foam ;  
Air is thy field of sport, ocean thy home.
2. Bird of the sea ! I could envy thy wing ;  
O'er the blue waters I mark thy glad spring ;  
I see thy strong pinions as onward they glide,  
Dashed by the foam of the white-crested tide.
3. Bird of the wave ! thou art but for a day,  
Ocean and earth must alike pass away ;  
Why should I see thee with envious eye,  
When my sweep is more wide, and my course  
is more high ?

D

## LESSON XIV.

squeezed	knead'-ing	pack'-ag-es	thou'-sands
rough'-ly	re-ceived'	cot'-tag-ers	spě'-ci-al-ly
ridg'-es	coun'-tries	re-moved'	un-der-neath'

## THE HISTORY OF A TEA-LEAF.

1. Look in your tea-cups at this leaf — this common tea-leaf. If common things could tell us tales, what a story this tea-leaf could tell !

2. It has been amongst strange people, in a very strange country ; but few think of what or where it was before it found its way into a shop, packed with thousands of others, crisp and dry, in a tea-chest. Let us put a story together for it, and tell it for ourselves !

3. Far away in China, on the sunny slopes of the hills, there are little bushes just budding in spring-time—bushes growing in long even rows, each standing a few feet apart from the next one.

4. Scattered over this hilly tea-country are roughly-built cottages. The people who live in them grow their own rice and vegetables ; and every cottage has its own tea-plants growing outside, to supply the family with tea.

5. As soon as the leaf-buds begin to open on

these plants they are all plucked off, and the tea prepared from them being the first, is sent about in little packages from house to house, every one giving his own in presents to his friends.

6. The second gathering begins about May, when the leaves have grown again, and are now large and green. The cottagers go out, men, women, and children, to work together, leaving their doors locked behind them, for every one is on the hills. There they remain all day in groups, going from plant to plant, tearing off the leaves quickly, and throwing them into round flat baskets made of split bamboo.



BRANCH OF A TEA-PLANT.

7. When these are heaped high with leaves,

they are carried back to the cottages, and the drying begins. A fire is lighted in a stove of brickwork, a row of flat iron pans being let into the top of it; on these the leaves are dropped, a few at a time, and presently they begin to crackle from the slow heat of the fire underneath, and they are quite moist when they are taken off again.

8. Next they are thrown on a table, the top of which is formed of split bamboos, so that it is a surface of rounded ridges, all polished. Men and women stand round this table, and each takes a little heap of tea-leaves, and begins to knead them with both hands, just as you may have seen a person kneading dough to make bread.

9. Now and again they raise the lump in their hands, and shake the leaves loose again on the table to begin the working afresh.

10. In about five minutes the leaves have become twisted, and so well squeezed that four basketfuls fresh gathered could be packed into one after this kneading; and all the while a green juice has been oozing out of them, and trickling down through the crevices of the bamboo table on to the floor.

11. After this they are sometimes dried in the air, but they always have again to be heated on

pans over the fire. This time they are left there for about an hour, being turned and shaken about with a little brush, so that they all catch the heat; and at last they are removed, crisp and twisted; all their juice is gone; but the flavour, by this careful process, has been preserved.

12. Now baskets or boxes are brought to hold the tea, and a man in clean cloth shoes treads on it, as fast as it is thrown in, to press it closely down. Then it is ready for sale; at this time the tea-growers may be seen going along the roads, each with a bamboo pole across his shoulder, and a box of tea slung at each end of it. They are going to the country inns and taverns, where the merchants have come out from the towns to meet them. They show their samples; the merchants taste and smell and try them in various ways before they complete the purchase.

13. As fast as the bargains are made, the tea proprietors go home again, carrying their money. The Chinese coins are brass and copper, with a hole cut in each, and by running a string through them the man can carry them all hanging over his shoulder.

14. When the merchants receive the tea they have ordered, they have it packed again for sending

to other countries. But first it has to be picked and sorted, for all the leaves are not alike; and they must be quite even in size and quality for the different kinds of tea. Besides that, some of the tea has to be scented, by being left for a long time mixed with flowers—orange and jessamine blossoms, and other flowers grown in many parts of China specially for the purpose.

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**Crisp**—brittle, curled.

**Scat'-tered**—spread about, dotted over.

**Ooz'-ing**—flowing or trickling out very gently.

**Pro-pri'-e-tors**—owners.

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## LESSON XV.

hedge	na'-tive	butch'-er	shuf'-fling
knock	leap'-ing	bus'-i-ed	sur-pris'-ing
break	ap-pear'	sketch'-ing	dis-turbed'

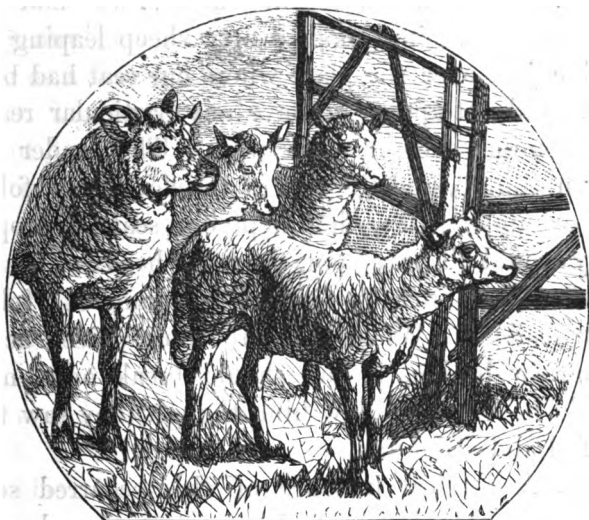
### SHEEP.

1. When I was a girl I had a friend much older than myself who was very fond of sketching. One day we agreed to go together to a particular field, from which there was a very pretty view.

2. We soon reached the spot, and seated our-

selves in comfort under the hedge. I read to myself from a book I had brought with me, and my friend busied herself with her work.

3. We had not been seated very long before we



SHEEP.

were disturbed in a very unexpected manner. First we heard a shuffling, trampling sound on the other side of the hedge, and in another minute, to our intense astonishment, a sheep came bounding over our heads, and after him another, and then another.



4. I was about to jump up, but my friend told me hurriedly not to stand upright, but to creep away at the side, otherwise I might get an ugly knock, for the rest of the flock would be sure to follow.

5. When we were in safety, we had the pleasure of seeing about thirty sheep leaping the hedge just over the place where our seat had been. They did not appear to have any particular reason for coming over in that way. The leader had taken a jump, and the rest of the flock must follow the example. If we had kept our seats, I suppose they would all have come over our heads.

6. Sheep are very fond of this game of "follow your leader." When they are being driven across a narrow bridge, if one should break over, more would be sure to follow him, though they saw that he fell and was hurt.

7. A comical instance of this occurred some time ago. A drove of sheep was going down a road, and suddenly took the wrong turning. A boy, who was with the sheep, ran ahead, and stood in front of them, holding a stick, which he had in his hand, high above his head.

8. One of the sheep gave a spring, and jumped over the boy and the stick too, and one after another the rest of the flock followed, until all the

sheep had taken the leap. At first the boy was too much astonished to move, and afterwards he stayed for the fun of the thing.

9. Notwithstanding this peculiar habit, those who watch them carefully do not consider sheep to be by any means stupid, though they are not so clever as a dog or a horse.

10. There are many different kinds of sheep. One of the best is the Southdown sheep, which is a native of the downs in the south of England. This animal is just what a sheep ought to be. Its flesh is excellent; its wool is fine and highly esteemed, and is used for making flannel and worsted goods. The Southdown needs to be taken care of, and to be well fed; neglect and poor food would not do for it at all.

11. But there are sheep that are hardy enough. The black-faced sheep of the Highlands can live and thrive under hardships which would certainly kill a Southdown. It can live upon very little and very poor food, and can manage for itself in a snow-storm in a most surprising manner.

12. Some sheep give much finer wool than others. Perhaps the variety which produces the best wool is the Merino sheep. He is thus called on account of his wandering habits, for "merino,"

in Spanish, means wandering. The pure merino is a native of Spain, but it has been introduced into other countries. Australia exports a large quantity of wool from this sheep.

13. Those who have to take care of sheep find a valuable assistant in a well-trained dog.

14. A farmer named Scott had a very clever dog named Smart. Sometimes he would be out of the way when his master started to visit the sheep, and then his mistress would say to him, "Smart, you are late; master has gone to the sheep," and Smart immediately ran off, and was soon at his post.

15. One day a butcher came from a town some miles off to buy some sheep of Mr. Scott; and having bought them was rather puzzled how to get them home. At last he asked the farmer to lend him a boy, saying that if he could get them as far as Dark Lane, he could manage the rest of the journey himself.

16. Mr. Scott could not arrange this, but he said, "I will lend you Smart." "That would do," said the butcher, "if you were going too; but he will not follow me." "I will manage that," said Mr. Scott. "I will make him understand he is to follow the sheep as far as you like, and I will

trust you to send him back when you get to the lane."

17. Wonderful though it may seem, the dog did as he was told. He returned so quickly, however, that Mr. Scott thought he had not gone as far as he ought; and the next time he saw the butcher he asked whether Smart had been a help to him.

18. "Indeed," said the man, "when I buy sheep of you again I would rather have the dog to help me get them home than two boys."

**Sketch'-ing**—making a rough outline for a picture.

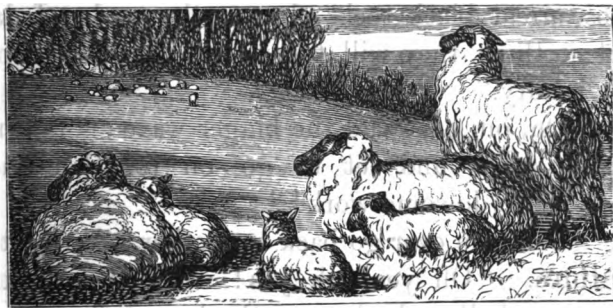
**Oc-curred'**—took place, happened.

**Va-ri'-e-ty**—particular kind.

**Es-teemed'**—highly prized, thought much of.

**Thrive**—to grow and do well.

**Ex'-ports**—goods sent out from any country.



## LESSON XVI.

ear'-nest	laugh'-ing	cas'-tle	splashed
beau'-ty	peb'-bles	rat'-tled	break'-ing
piec'-es	sea'-weed	fret'-ful	mur'-mur

## A STORY OF THE WAVES.

1. "Where am I to go to, mother?" said the little waves to the great deep sea.

"Go on, my darlings, on to the great yellow sands; you will find work to do."

2. "I want to play," said one little wave, "and jump up and down, and see who can jump the highest."

"No; come on, come on," said an earnest wave; "mother must be right. I want to work."

3. "Oh, I dare not go," said another; "look at those great black rocks close to the sands—I dare not go there, they will tear me to pieces, and spoil my beauty."

"On, on, on," said the bigger wave; "take my hand, sister, and let us go on together—how glorious to do some work!"

"Shall we ever go back to mother?" cried two or three. "Oh yes! oh yes! when the work is done we shall go back to mother's arms."

4. So one and all pressed on. The earnest one led the others ; and even the little wave who had wanted to play pressed on, and thought that work might be fun after all. The timid ones did not like to be left behind, and all became earnest as they got nearer the sands.

5. After all, it was fun, pressing on one upon another—jumping, laughing, running on to the broad shining sands.

First they came to a great sand castle, and splash, splash ! they went over it, first the earnest wave, then the little one who had been afraid ; down came the castle !

“ Oh, what fun ! ” they cried, and on they ran fast and far.

6. “ Mother told me to bring these seaweeds ; I will find a pretty place for them,” said one ; and up she ran a long, long way, and laid them high up among the pebbles. The pebbles rattled together, and cried—“ We are glad you are come, we wanted washing sadly.”

7. “ Mother sent the shells ; I don’t know where to put them,” said a little fretful wave.

“ Lay them one by one on the sand, and do not break them,” said the eldest wave ; and the little one went about its work, and learnt to be quite

quiet and very gentle, for fear of breaking its shells.

8. "Where—where is *my* work?" said the big earnest wave; "this is mere play; the little ones can do this and laugh over it. Mother said there was work for *me*," and he lifted up his proud head and came splash down upon some large rocks.

9. Down, down, into a pool it went, and he heard the fishes and crabs say, "Hold fast; the sea is coming. Thank you, great sea; you always send a big wave when the storm is coming. Thank you, kind wave, we are ready now."

10. And now they are all going back over the wet sands, lazily and carelessly, for they are tired.

"All my shells are safe," said one sleepy wave.

"My seaweeds are left behind," murmured another.

"I washed the pebbles," said another.

11. "And I—I only broke on a rock and splashed into a pool," said the one who had been so earnest to work; and he turned sadly to his mother, as she folded him in her strong firm arms. "I have done no good, mother—no work at all."

12. "Hush!" she said; "hark!" and first they heard, clear as a bell, the voice of a little child who was walking on the shore—"Oh, mother! the sea

has been here, look how tidy it all is ! Isn't it a good sea to make it all so tidy ! ”

13. And then the sea said, “Hark!” again ; and far away they heard the moan of the coming storm. “Come in safe, my darlings. You have done *your* work, let the storm do its work now.”

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### LESSON XVII.

knows	bur'-row	crea'-ture	mer'-ry
nought	breez'-y	spring'-ing	neigh'-bour

### THE DORMOUSE.

1. The little Dormouse is tawny red ;  
 He makes against winter a nice snug bed,  
 He makes his bed in a mossy bank,  
 Where the plants in the summer grow tall and  
     rank.
  
2. Away from the daylight, far underground,  
 His sleep through the winter is quiet and sound.  
 And when all above him it freezes and snows,  
 What is it to him ? for he nought of it knows.  
 And till the cold time of the winter is gone  
 The little Dormouse keeps sleeping on.



3. But at last, in the fresh breezy days of the spring,  
When the green leaves bud and the merry birds  
sing,  
And the dread of the winter is over and past,  
The little Dormouse peeps out at last.



THE DORMOUSE.

4. Out of his snug quiet burrow he wends,  
And looks all about for his neighbours and friends:  
Then he says, as he sits at the foot of a larch,  
“ ’Tis a beautiful day, for the first day of March !  
The violet is blowing, the blue sky is clear ;  
The lark is up-springing, his carol I hear ;

And in the green fields are the lamb and the  
foal;

I am glad I'm not sleeping now down in my  
hole!"

5. Then away he runs, in his merry mood,  
Over the fields and into the wood,  
To find any grain there may chance to be,  
Or any small berry that hangs on the tree;  
So, from early morning, till late at night,  
Has the poor little creature its own delight,  
Looking down to the earth and up to the sky,  
Thinking, "Oh! what a happy Dormouse  
am I!"

MARY HOWITT.

**Tawn'y**—of a dark, yellowish  
colour.

**We'lds**—takes his way, goes.

**Rank**—of very strong or vigorous  
growth.

**Cä'-rol**—a joyous song.

## LESSON XVIII.

weight      pen'-nies      gal'-lon      la'-bour

GOING TO MARKET THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

1. Going to market between three and four  
hundred years ago with a few pennies was a very  
different matter to what it would be now-a-days;

E

for then a very little money went a very long way, and bought a great many things.

2. For instance : suppose they thought of giving a feast—as was common enough in those days, when nothing could be done without a great deal of eating and drinking—they would put a few pennies in a purse and be off to market.

3. Things at that time were sold in large open market-places, or at fairs, more than at shops. What few shops there were had no fine glass windows, but were open ; and the shopkeepers walked up and down, calling out to the passers-by, “What d’ye lack ? What d’ye lack, good sirs ? What d’ye lack ?”

4. At the butchers’ they sold the best beef at about a halfpenny a pound ; and if, instead of wanting it for a feast, it was intended for the poor, the butcher would sell three pounds of beef for a penny.

5. Mutton was not to be had so cheap, though, for a pound of mutton chops cost a whole three farthings ; so I suppose the common people did not often buy such mutton for their dinners.

6. Countrywomen brought fowls to the market, and sold them for a penny each. If they were very big and fat, why they sometimes fetched as

much as twopence, but then they must be beauties.

7. The countrymen brought a pig or two, and if they were very fine ones they all found customers, and the man was well pleased, for he got fourpence or even fivepence for each pig, and that was a fair price.

8. Perhaps, on his way home he would call for some beer, which would be very strong and good at a halfpenny a gallon, but most likely he would have that at a farthing, which was the sort generally drunk by these people.

9. It seems very wonderful how, when a few pennies bought so much, any one could ever have gone without their dinner.

10. But we must remember that they were paid in proportion; for a strong labourer only earned about threepence or fourpence a day, and twopence a day was considered a very good wage for a serving man who lived in the house.

**Mar'-ket**—a place, usually in the centre of a town, where goods are bought and sold.

**Cus'-tom-ers**—those who buy.

**Pro-por'-tion**—portion for portion, as the price of food was small, so the wages were small.

**Fair**—a fixed meeting of buyers and sellers for trade. In England very many towns and villages formerly had fairs; but they are now discontinued, or used only as a holiday.

**In-tend'-ed**—meant.

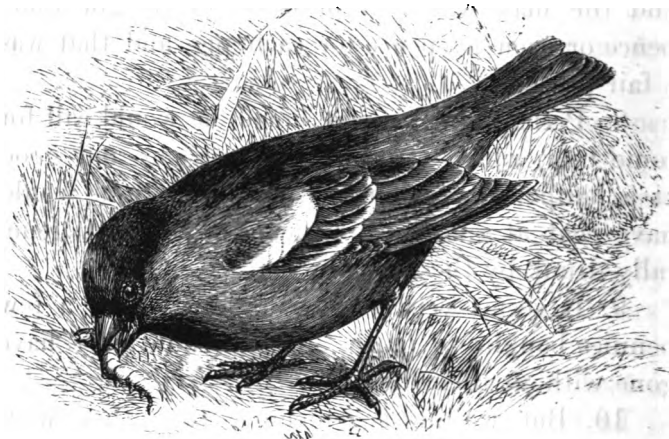
## LESSON XIX.

thatch  
pieces

thread  
queer

quaint  
begged

real'-ly  
pāc'-es



## THE HOUSE SPARROW.

1. It is curious to find a bird that seems to be really happier in a street than in a tree, and to prefer the crumbs and other scraps thrown from our houses to the insects and grains that it can capture for itself.

2. Yet this is the case with the house sparrow, which, perhaps, is the only bird living that prefers the haunts of men to nature,

3. Sparrows are so bold that they will hardly move out of our way, and if they do fly off a few paces, they sit down again, and look as if they were not in the least afraid.



4. Everybody knows that the sparrow is a small, stout, active, and sometimes very noisy bird; not clad in any gay plumage, like some of its neighbours, but very happy and contented in its humble station, and generally in good spirits.

5. As a rule it is rather sociable, and likes the company of its fellows. Little parties of sparrows are often seen feeding and roosting together; but any little event disperses them.

6. Sparrows build somewhat rough nests of straws, dry stalks of plants, bits of rag, pieces of thread, feathers, and any other material that comes to hand. They choose snug places for their nests—among the thatch, in the cracks of old walls, among stones. The town sparrows build in all manner of queer places.



7. I will tell you of some sparrows which gave

great comfort and pleasure to the lives of two poor women living in London.

8. Their room was at the top of a house in a street in London, with one window in it looking on to the roofs of other houses! You would not think they could find much to amuse themselves at such a window as that; would you?

9. And yet from that window the great in-



terest and pleasure of their lives came. And what do you think brought it to them? Why, the sparrows.

10. One of these women was very old, but she was able to toddle about the room. The other was quite young, but she had lost the use of her legs, and was obliged to lie always in bed.

11. When the old woman looked out of window, she saw numbers of little house sparrows hopping happily about on the roofs of the houses, and she

got quite interested in watching them, and seeing all the quaint, pleasant things they did.

12. Her companion was glad to hear about them, and begged to have her bed moved so that she could see them for herself.

13. When the winter came, and the birds were cold and hungry, these poor women fed the sparrows. The younger woman prepared the food, and the elder one put it out of the window, and both were very happy in watching the hungry birds flock to the window for their dinners.

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Cap'ture—catch, or take.  
Haunts—places often visited.

Plūm'-age—feathers.  
Dis-perse'—to scatter.

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## LESSON XX.

straight	pur-suit'	de-scribed'	prē-sent-ly
peo'-ple	slight'-est	to-geth'-er	car'-ry-ing

### THE "FLYING ARROW."

1. The Indians are clever people in many ways; and one of the cleverest things about them is their power of following the slightest track left by man or beast, however lightly or carefully they may have trodden to avoid pursuit.



2. There is an old story told about a hunter, who having killed a deer, cut off a joint of the venison, and hung it on the highest nail in his wigwam or hut—a kind of tent all covered with skins.

3. Then he went off to collect dry leaves and sticks, with which to kindle a fire, for, of course, no such things as coals were known to the “Flying Arrow,” as the Indian was called.

4. Presently he came back with well-filled arms; but, lo and behold! his fine joint had vanished. He looked carefully about, but no sign of the thief was there; at least, we should never have found any had we looked ever so closely.

5. But our Indian caught up his club, and away he went in pursuit, straight through the forest. He had not gone far before he met a neighbour, who seeing him going along with his eyes fixed on the ground, asked him what trail he was on.

6. “I seek,” said Flying Arrow, “a little old white man carrying a short gun. He is followed by a little dog, with a stumpy, bushy tail. This man is a thief; he has entered my wigwam and stolen my venison. I will crush both him and his dog.”

7. “Why, brother,” answered the other, “I

met such a man not far from here, and, truly, he carried venison on his shoulders ; but how couldst thou describe him so nearly, seeing thou wert away in the forest ? ”

8. “ I am in haste,” said Flying Arrow, “ but listen. I found a pile of stones under the hook where I had left my venison ; had the thief not been short he would not have needed these to stand on.

9. “ I knew he must be old, for the footsteps were close together ; and that he must be a white-skin simply because the toes turned in, which, as thou knowest, an Indian’s never do.

10. “ Had his gun been long, its muzzle would have left no trace on the bark of the tree, as this one had done, as it leaned against it. So thou seest, brother, it was easy, after all, having eyes, to describe the thief.”

11. “ But the cur ; how couldst thou tell its size, even to the tail ? ” asked the other Indian, who was young as yet, and had not learnt the value of close observation.

12. “ Of what use would the eyes of Flying Arrow be had they not shown him at once that the dog’s feet were near together as he walked on the sand, and that the short bushy tail measured

itself when he sat wagging it, watching his master unhooking my dinner? But farewell, brother, I must follow the trail, or I shall be too late to rescue my venison."

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**Clev'-er**—skilful, not dull.

**A-void'**—prevent.

**Ven'-i-son**—the flesh of the deer.

**Trail**—track, path.

**Ob-serv-a'-tion**—the act of seeing, or fixing the mind on anything.

**Res'-cue**—regain, or retake.

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### LESSON XXI.

or'-chard      climbed      ter'-ri-ble      mer'-ri-est

#### LAMENT OF MOTHER ROBIN.

1. Oh, where is the boy, dressed in jacket of grey,  
 Who climbed up a tree in the orchard to-day,  
 And carried my three little birdies away?  
     They hardly were dressed  
     When he took from the nest  
 My three little robins, and left me bereft.
2. O wrens! have you seen in your travels to-day  
 A very small boy, dressed in jacket of grey,  
 Who carried my three little robins away?  
     He had light-coloured hair,  
     And his feet were both bare,  
 Ah me! he was cruel and mean, I declare.

3. O butterfly ! stop just one moment, I pray ;  
 Have you seen a boy dressed in jacket of grey,  
 Who carried my three little birdies away ?  
     He had pretty blue eyes,  
     And was small of his size,  
 Ah, he must be wicked, and not very wise !
4. O boy with blue eyes dressed in jacket of grey,  
 If you will bring back my three robins to-day,  
 With sweetest of music the gift I'll repay !  
     I'll sing all day long  
     My merriest song,  
 And I will forgive you this terrible wrong.

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**Be-reft'**—deprived of, without.

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## LESSON XXII.

speck'-led	pāl-ing	au'-tumn	stretch'-ing
scarce'-ly	hoist'-ing	cō'-lours	dif'-fer-ent

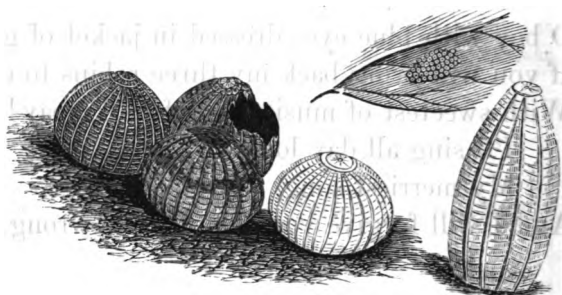
### THE STORY OF A BUTTERFLY.

1. Where do the butterflies come from ? On a hot day in summer one cannot cross a field without seeing them flutter up everywhere out of the grass.

2. Where were they all a month ago ? When

the weather became warm were these beautiful little creatures made all at once, or if they were not made butterflies at once, how were they made?

3. We know that every tree, every flower, and even every blade of grass grew up from a seed ; we know, too, that birds come from pretty white, or



BUTTERFLY'S EGGS.

brown, or blue, or speckled eggs. But where *do* the butterflies come from ?

4. Well, butterflies, those little things that fly about like birds, like birds, too, come out of eggs ; but the very smallest bird's egg you have ever seen is fifty times as large as the egg of a butterfly.

5. Yet, when they are seen through a magnifying glass they look much prettier than birds' eggs ; for they are of many different shapes, some ribbed, others covered with a sort of raised pattern, and others again that seem to be all wicker-work.

6. The butterfly lays her eggs on the leaf of some plant which she knows her little ones will be able to eat. Then she leaves them, and flies away.

7. If the weather is warm the eggs have been on the leaf but a few days when the insect comes out. But not a butterfly—oh, no!—a slender worm, so small that one can scarcely see him.

8. But he is not to be small always. Watch him as he nibbles at the leaf. He has a surprising appetite, and he grows and grows daily, and changes his skin occasionally, until he becomes a great caterpillar, stretching out, and twisting and turning, and drawing himself along.

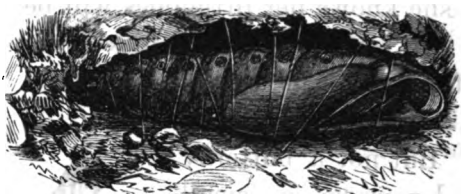
9. This caterpillar surely is not like a butterfly! Wait a while; you will not see him this way always.

10. When he is full grown a great change comes over him; he ceases to eat or even to move about. He selects some sheltered spot—a leaf-stalk, the under surface of a leaf, the side of a wall or paling—and there he fastens himself securely with a little silken thread drawn from his mouth.



CATERPILLAR.

11. As far as any one can see he is dead. He



PUPA, OR CHRYSALIS.

is only a little shapeless lump hanging head downwards.

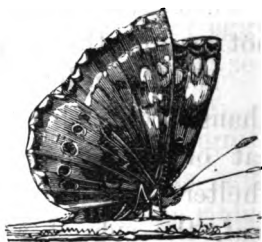
12. But he is not to be so very long, un-

less he happens to take to the *chrysalis* state in the autumn, for if that is the case, he will not be released until next spring.

13. Let us suppose that it is in the great heat of summer; then, after about a week, the little prisoner breaks through his skin, and creeps out into the sunlight. He has come to his last state, and is very soon to be perfect.

14. He is no caterpillar now, but the smallest butterfly you can imagine; and as he feels the air for the first time on his little wings they begin to unfold, and the rich colours appear.

15. Presently he gives his painted wings a shake or two, and then soars aloft, and whirls away through the air to join his companions, as bright and as beautiful as any of them.



PERFECT INSECT.

16. Off they go together to suck honey from the flowers—themselves resembling winged flowers more than anything else—to live a brief but gay and happy life, to lay their eggs, and die !

**Mag'-ni-fy**—to make a thing appear larger than it really is.

**Wick'-er-work**—work made of twigs or slight rods, basket-work.

**In'-sect**—a small animal having six legs, and two or four wings.

**Slender**—thin and small.

**Oc-ca'-sion-al-ly**—now and then.

**Chry'-sa-lis**—that form which such insects as moths and butterflies assume whilst they are changing from the caterpillar or grub to the winged insect.

**Re-leased'**—set free.

**Im-ag'-ine**—fancy.

**Re-sem'-bling**—looking like.

### LESSON XXIII.

mea'-sure

es-caped'

bur'-y-ing

be-lieved'

vi'-o-lent

sens'-i-ble

an'-swered

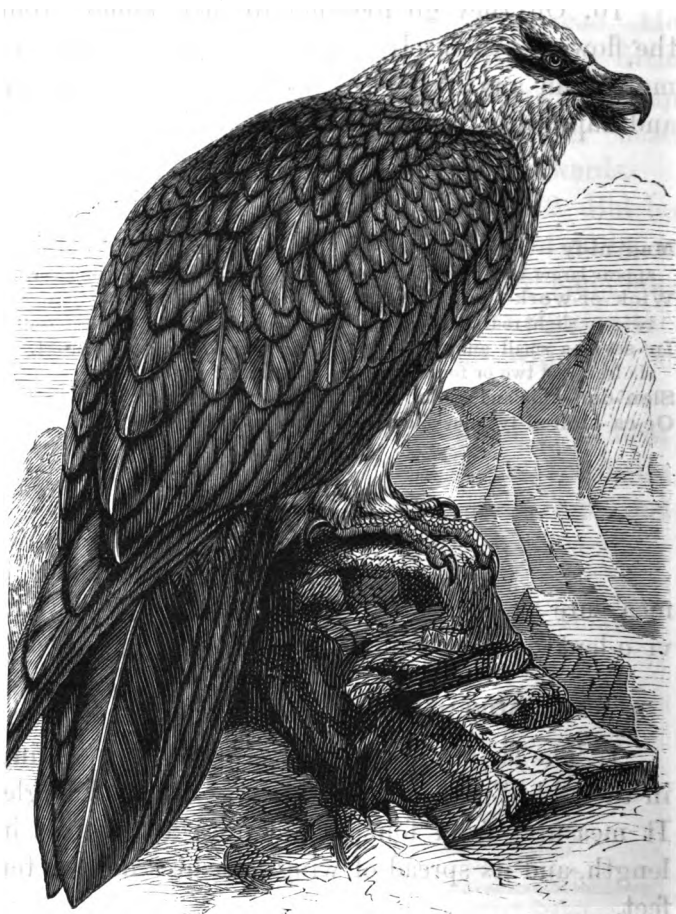
de-served'

#### A BOY'S ADVENTURE WITH A BEARDED EAGLE.

1. The largest of all the "birds of prey" living in the Old World is the Griffon, or Bearded Eagle. It measures from four to four and a half feet in length, and its spread of wing measures nine or ten feet.

2. These eagles destroy sheep and lambs, hares,





THE BEARDED EAGLE.

goats, and calves, and they have been known to carry off babies and very young children to their nests. They are most fierce and violent when defending their nests and young ones.

3. In Switzerland, where these great birds are to be found, a shepherd-boy was once so daring as to climb to the top of a high mountain, where he knew there was a bearded eagle's nest, in order that he might look in and see what it was like.

4. There was no great danger at first, for the mother-bird was away getting food, and there were only the two young ones in the nest. When they saw the boy they thought it was their mother come back, and opened their beaks very wide for some food.

5. The boy was foolish enough to seize hold of one of the young eagles, at which it gave a loud cry for help, which cry was answered by another, which seemed to sound from one of the highest mountains.

6. Hardly had the boy time, however, to get down the ledge of rock on which he was perched with his prize, before he saw the angry mother approaching him.

7. Had she got hold of him you may be sure she would have pecked and torn him enough, and

probably he would hardly have escaped alive from her claws. But though he had been silly before, he did the sensible thing now, for he lay down in one of the many ridges to be found on these mountain-sides—ridges which are all the year round filled with snow.

8. Burying himself in this snow as deep as he could, he lay and listened in his hiding-place till the eagle had flown away, and he could venture to leave his cold couch.

9. So near, however, had she been to him, seeking him in vain, that he could hear, not only her cry, but the fluttering of her wings. She must then have returned to her nest, for he saw her no more, and he managed to reach his home in safety.

10. This story would scarcely have been believed had he not had the body of the young eagle with him to confirm the tale. I think he must have been a rather cruel boy, and deserved a fright, for trying to rob a nest.

---

“**Birds of prey**”—those which feed on the flesh of other animals. The eagle, vulture, hawk, falcon, and owl are “birds of prey.”

“**Bearded Eagle**”—sometimes called the Bearded Vulture. It has the build of an eagle, but many of the habits of the vulture.

## LESSON XXIV.

brief          sowed          heav'-en          flow'-ers

## THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

1. "Oh, call my brother back to me,  
I cannot play alone!  
The summer comes with flower and bee—  
Where is my brother gone?
2. "The butterfly is glancing bright  
Across the sunbeam's track;  
I care not now to chase its flight—  
Oh, call my brother back!
3. "The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed  
Around our garden tree;  
Our vine is drooping with its load—  
Oh, call him back to me!"
4. "He would not hear my voice, fair child!  
He may not come to thee;  
The face that once like spring-time smiled  
On earth no more thou'lt see.
5. "A rose's brief, bright life of joy,  
Such unto him was given;  
Go—thou must play alone, my boy!  
Thy brother is in heaven."

6. "And has he left his birds and flowers?  
 And must I call in vain?  
 And through the long, long summer hours,  
 Will he not come again?"
7. "And by the brook, and in the glade,  
 Are all our wanderings o'er?  
 Oh, while my brother with me played,  
*Would I had loved him more!*"

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**Glanc'-ing**—darting.  
**Track**—path.

**Glade**—a long open space  
 in a wood or plantation.

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### LESSON XXV.

copse	for-sooth'	anx'-ious	bus'-i-ly
spied	wash'-ing	hummed'	guin'-ea

### THE HEDGEHOG AND THE HARE.

1. It was a Sunday morning in harvest-time, just as the buckwheat was coming into blossom. The sun had risen into the sky, clear and bright; the morning wind swept over the stubble; the larks sang merrily as they rose into the air; the bees hummed busily in the buckwheat, and the country-folks were going to church, all dressed in their

Sunday clothes. All creatures were merry-minded, and the Hedgehog too.

2. The Hedgehog stood before his door with his arms folded, looked up into the morning breeze, and hummed a little tune to himself; and, as he was thus singing, it all at once came into his head that, while his wife was washing and dressing the children, he might as well take a ramble in the fields.

3. No sooner said than done. The Hedgehog fastened the door after him, and went his way into the field. He had not gone far from home, and was just waddling round a little copse-wood which lay before the turnip-field, when his neighbour, the Hare, crossed his path. When the Hedgehog spied the Hare, he wished him a friendly "good-morning."

4. But the Hare, who was a great man in his way, and vastly proud, did not deign to return the Hedgehog's greeting; but, turning up his nose in a scornful manner, merely said to the Hedgehog, "How comes it that you are running about the fields so early in the morning?" "I am going to take a little walk," said the Hedgehog. "A walk, forsooth!" said the Hare, laughing; "methinks you might put your legs to some better use."

5. This answer vexed the Hedgehog greatly. Anything else he could have borne, but he could not bear to hear a word said against his legs, just because they were by nature short. "Do you flatter yourself," said he to the Hare, "that you can do more with your legs?" "I fancy so, indeed," said the Hare.

6. "That remains to be seen," answered the Hedgehog; "I'll lay you a wager that I would beat you in a race." "Ha! ha! ha!" said the Hare, holding his sides with laughter; "you are a funny fellow, with your short legs! But, with all my heart, so let it be, if you are so anxious to be beaten. What shall the wager be?"

7. "A golden guinea," said the Hedgehog. "Agreed!" said the Hare; "let us start at once." "Nay," said the Hedgehog, "not quite so fast, if you please. I have not tasted any food this morning, and will first go home and eat a bit of breakfast. In half an hour I will be here again."

8. So saying, the Hedgehog went his way home, as the Hare was content; and on his way he thought to himself: "The Hare trusts to his long legs, but I will be up with him nevertheless. He gives himself the airs of a fine gentleman, truly; but we shall see who will win the wager!"

9. Now, when the Hedgehog reached home he called to his wife, and said: "Wife, dress yourself quickly; you must go with me into the field hard by." "What's in the wind now?" said his wife.

10. The Hedgehog answered: "I have wagered with the Hare a golden guinea that I will run a race with him, and you must stand by and see us run." "Mercy upon us, man!" cried his wife, "are you stark mad? How could you think for a minute of running a race with a Hare?"

11. "Hold your tongue, wife!" said the Hedgehog; "that is my affair. Do not meddle and make in a man's business." What could the Hedgehog's wife do? She was obliged to follow, whether she would or no.

12. As they were jogging along together, the Hedgehog said to his wife: "Listen, now, to what I say. Look!—we shall run our race up yonder long field. The Hare will run in one furrow, and I in another, and we shall start from the top of the field. Now, you have only to sit quietly in the furrow at the farther end, and, when the Hare comes up on the other side, call out to him, 'Here I am!'"

13. By this time they had reached the spot. The Hedgehog placed his wife in the furrow, and



then went up to the end of the field. When he came there, the Hare was already on the ground. "Shall we start?" said the Hare. "With all my heart!" said the Hedgehog. "Make ready then!"

14. So each one took up his place in the furrow. The Hare counted, "One! two! three!" and away he went, like a flash of lightning, down the field. But the Hedgehog only ran about three steps, then squatted down in the furrow, and sat as still as a mouse.

15. Now, when the Hare, at full speed, reached the end of the field, the Hedgehog's wife called out, "Here I am, waiting for you!" The Hare started, and was not a little amazed, fully believing that it was the Hedgehog himself who called to him; for as every one knows, the Hedgehog's wife is for all the world like her husband.

16. But the Hare thought to himself, "There must be some mistake here." So he cried, "Turn about and run again!" and away he went, like an arrow from a bow, till his ears whistled in the wind. But the Hedgehog's wife staid quietly in her place.

17. Now, when the Hare came to the top of the field, the Hedgehog cried out, "Hallo! here I am. Where have you been all this while?" But

the Hare was out of his wits, and cried out, "Once more—turn about, and away!" "By all means," answered the Hedgehog; "for my part, as often as you please."

18. So the Hare went on, running backward and forward three-and-seventy times. The seventy-fourth time, however, he did not reach the end of the field; in the middle of the furrow he dropped down dead.

19. But the Hedgehog took the golden guinea he had won, called his wife out of the furrow, and away they jogged merrily home together; and, if they are not dead, they are living still.



**Stub'-ble**—the stumps of corn stalks left in the ground after the corn has been cut.

**Ram'-ble**—to wander about.

**Deign**—condescend.

**A-mazed'**—astonished.



## LESSON XXVI.

scar'-let	man'-tle	dě-spise'	re-gard'-eth
pop'-py	sti'-fled	stirred	ex'-cel-lent

## THE WILLOW, THE POPPY, AND THE VIOLET.

1. A child held in his hand a slight, leafless bough. It was like a supple green wand. But it had been newly cut from the parent tree, and life still stirred in its little heart.

2. The child sought out a sheltered spot, and planted it in the moist earth. Often did he visit it, and when the rains of summer were withheld, he watered it at the cool sunset.

3. The sap, which is the blood of plants, began to flow freely through its tender vessels. A tiny root, like a thread, crept downward; and around the head there was a bursting forth of faint-green leaves.

4. Seasons passed over it, and it became a tree. Its slender branches drooped downward to the earth. The cheering sun shone upon them, and the young birds sang among them — but they drooped still.

5. "My tree, why art thou always so sad and drooping? Am I not kind unto thee?" But it

answered not. Only as it grew on, it drooped lower and lower. For it was a weeping willow.

6. The child cast a seed into the soft garden mould. When the time of flowers was come, a budding stalk stood there, with thin notched leaves.

7. Then a thick, red poppy came forth, glorying in its gaudy attire. At its feet grew a purple violet, which no hand had planted or cherished.

8. But it lived lovingly with the mosses, and with the flowers of the grass; not counting itself more excellent than they.

9. "Bright poppy," said the child, "why dost thou spread out thy scarlet dress so widely, and drink up all the sunbeams from the poor violet?"

10. Then the flaunting flower opened its rich silk mantle still more broadly, as though it would have stifled its humble neighbours. Yet nothing hindered the fragrance of the violet.

11. The little child was troubled, and at the hour of sleep he spake to his mother, of the willow that wept, and of the poppy that overshadowed the violet.

12. Then she said, "There are some who are weepers all their lives long, though they dwell in pleasant places, and the fair skies smile upon them.

And there are others who are proud at heart, and despise the humble whom God regardeth.

13. "But keep thou ever in thy breast, gentle child, the spirit of the sweet and lowly violet, that thou mayest come at last to that place where pride cannot enter, and where the voice of weeping is no more heard."

**Sup'-ple**—easily bent, flexible.

**Wand**—a twig, a long thin stick.

**Ves'-sels**—little tubes which convey the sap.

**Cher'-ished**—taken care of.

**"Gaud'-y at-tire'"**—bright, gay, showy clothing.

**Flaunt'-ing**—making a showy display.

**Fräg'-rance**—sweet scent, pleasant odour.

## LESSON XXVII.

di-vīd'-ed    rīp'-en-ing    mo-lass'-es    ma-chin'-er-y

### THE HISTORY OF A LUMP OF SUGAR.—Part I.

1. Children are very fond of asking mother for a lump of sugar after tea. They little think what a wonderful story that white sparkling lump of sugar has to tell.

2. If you wanted to know whence it came first, no one could tell you better than a negro—one of

those black men with thick lips and woolly hair, who have worked in the sugar plantations.

3. The best of the sugar estates are in the West Indies, but there are others in the United States; and the sugar-cane is grown in China and India, for what it needs most is a very hot climate.

4. But our sugar came from the West Indian Islands, so it is there we must go for its story. We shall begin with the cane, growing in long rows in the plantation.

5. The sugar-cane is said to be of the family of grasses; that means, that it is of the very same order of plants as the grass that grows in the fields, the bladed corn, and all the tall bamboos and canes of the hot countries.

6. Some sugar-canes grow to less than a man's height; others run up twenty feet or higher. The stalk is only an inch or two in thickness, and there are rings marking the joints all the way up. At the top are long bending leaves. The stalk turns straw colour before the blossoms appear, and the manner of flowering is very curious. From the highest point of the sugar-cane a smooth stem shoots up above the long leaves; it grows seven or eight feet high, and on the top comes an immense branching cluster of white flowers.

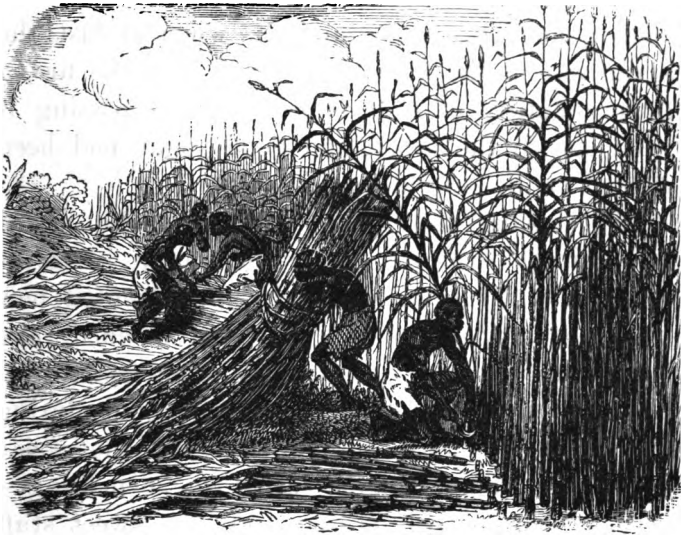
7. The owner of the estate takes care to have his land divided into portions, the plants in each flowering and ripening at different times, and thus he has always some ready for the harvest. When the canes are cut down others spring from the same roots, and perhaps for as long as six years there is no new planting needed.

8. Some weeks after the blossoms appear the natives know it is time for getting the sugar; and they cut down the canes, going as close as they can to the roots, because the juice is richest in the lowest joints. Then the leafy tops are also cut off, and some of them are put aside as fodder for the horses and cattle on the estate, for these animals are as fond of all parts of the plant as you are of the sugar.

9. The canes are first bound together in large bundles, and carted away to the crushing-mill, where, between iron rollers, worked by steam power or sometimes by windmills, a yellowish juice is pressed out of them. This juice has a soft balmy smell; but its flavour is insipid, though sweet to the taste.

10. When the canes come from the crushing-mill much of the juice is in them still, but there is no way known by which it can all be got out and saved, so these broken and bruised, moist sugar-

canes—called now *cane-trash*—are used as fuel when the sugar is being boiled, or they are strewed with the tops and leaves over the plantation, to



GATHERING SUGAR-CANE.

protect the roots during the winter and to improve the soil.

11. The old way of making sugar was by boiling the juice five times in copper boilers. It was first put into the boiler at the end of the row farthest from the fire. A scum rose to the surface, and



this being cleared away, the remaining syrup was ladled into the next boiler. There the scum soon rose again, though the sugar was purer. It was skimmed off, and the process repeated in the next copper, and the next; and so, when at last the syrup was in the fifth boiler, just over the fire, a great quantity of it had been lost in passing it from one to the other, and good sugar had been cleared off the top with the scum.

12. Losing the syrup little by little meant losing in the end large sums of money, so clever men set their heads to work, and invented new machinery, by which the loss was avoided, and the boiling at the same time went on faster.

13. The syrup which is thrown aside during the boiling process—and, in fact, all the waste sweet juice that remains after sugar-making—becomes that brown, sticky, and very sweet stuff known as treacle; and the coarsest of the syrup is known as molasses, out of which rum is made.

**Plant-a'-tion**—a piece of land  
planted with trees.

**A-void'-ed**—prevented.

**In-sip'-id**—not pleasant to the  
taste.

**Strewed**—spread about loosely.



## LESSON XXVIII.

loaves	crys'-tals	or'-din-a-ry	de-li'-cious
co'-coa	ser'-pent	loos'-ened	pre-served'

## THE HISTORY OF A LUMP OF SUGAR.—Part II.

1. Most of the sugar that is brought to England comes in a rough state, dark, and full of lumps, packed in immense barrels called hogsheads. Before it is sold, it has to be refined, a long process, taking many days, and for the whitest sugar, more than a month.

2. Refining is carried on chiefly in London, Bristol, and in Greenock, in refining houses seven or eight storeys high. The rough sugar is boiled down into a syrup, and filtered through great square bags kept in shape by wicker-work lining. Then it is boiled again, and poured into moulds, the form of which is best described by saying simply what they are—sugar-loaf shape. The moulds are turned with their points downwards, and through a hole in the lowest part each gradually drains, while the good sugar is cooling and hardening.

3. When the draining ceases, the moulds are turned over, and the sugar-loaves loosened from

their sides ; then more of the sweet liquid runs off, and this waste syrup, which is collected and put aside in refining the loaf-sugar, is the golden syrup, which some little people are fond of getting trailed like an amber serpent round and round on their bread-and-butter.

4. The moulds are now left standing for three or four days, and then the loaves are taken out. They are white, except at the top, so the brown points are cut off, and put all together to be melted down again. The loaves are trimmed and scraped, and then, being quite smooth, they are sold to the grocers, who break them up into little square lumps.

5. Each of these little lumps is formed of thousands on thousands of minute sharply-cut particles, or, as we ought to say, crystals. The moment it is touched by the tea in your cup, these little crystals, by a kind of attraction, draw the fluid up between them, and so in a few moments it runs through the lump that seemed so hard, the crystals are forced apart and dissolve, and so the sugar is melted.

6. Besides the produce of the sugar-cane there is also maple sugar, taken from the maple-trees of North America, and much used in Canada. There is another kind of sugar extracted from beet-root ;

and in all sweet things, such as fruit, there is some sugar; but, of course, only a very small quantity.

7. There is no need to tell little people how useful this nice sweet substance is to us all. They themselves know very well that the confectioners' shops could not get on without it, there would be a sad absence of those delicious things that come after dinner, and it would be hard to take unsweetened tea, and coffee, and cocoa. But more than this. Do not jam, and marmalade, and all the different kinds of preserved fruits, tell tales of it? Boiling down in sugar is the ordinary way of keeping fruit all the year round, and a very good way it is too.

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**Re-fined'**—purified.

**Part'-i-cles**—extremely small pieces.

**Dis-solve'**—to melt, to become invisible.

**At-tract'-ion**—drawing.

**Ex-tract'-ed**—drawn out, taken from.

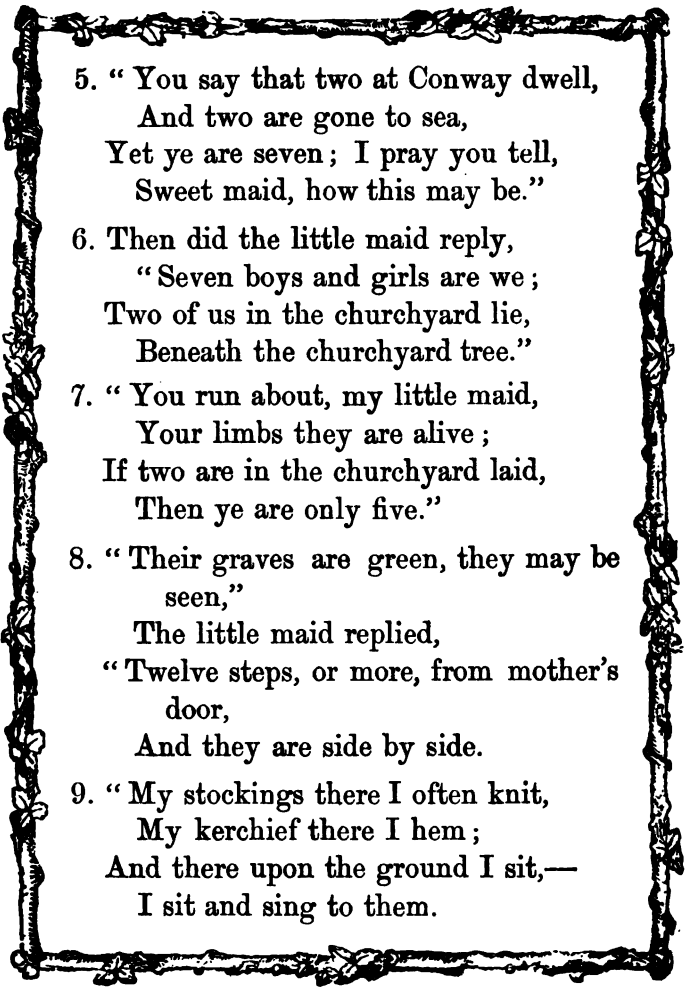
**Con-fect'-ion-er**—one who makes sweetmeats.

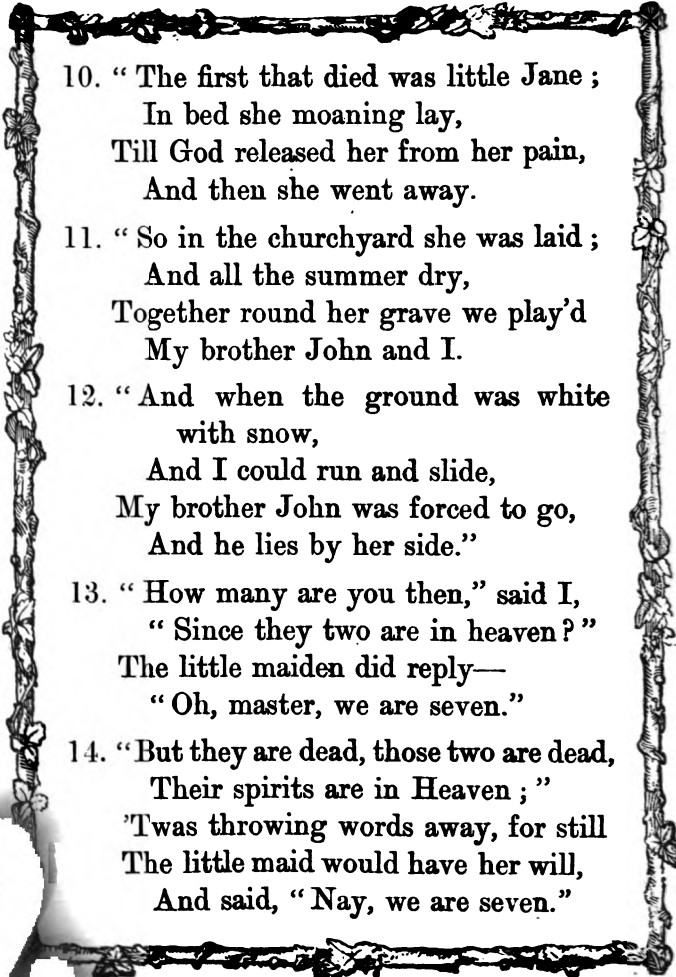


## LESSON XXIX.

## WE ARE SEVEN.

1. I met a little cottage girl,  
She was eight years old, she said,  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That cluster'd round her head.
2. "Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
How many may you be?"  
"How many? Seven in all," she said,  
And wondering, look'd at me.
3. "And where are they? I pray you  
tell."  
She answer'd, "Seven are we;  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea;
4. "Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
My sister and my brother;  
And in the churchyard cottage I  
Dwell near them with my mother."

- 
5. " You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea,  
Yet ye are seven ; I pray you tell,  
Sweet maid, how this may be."
6. Then did the little maid reply,  
" Seven boys and girls are we ;  
Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
Beneath the churchyard tree."
7. " You run about, my little maid,  
Your limbs they are alive ;  
If two are in the churchyard laid,  
Then ye are only five."
8. " Their graves are green, they may be  
seen,"  
The little maid replied,  
" Twelve steps, or more, from mother's  
door,  
And they are side by side.
9. " My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem ;  
And there upon the ground I sit,—  
I sit and sing to them.

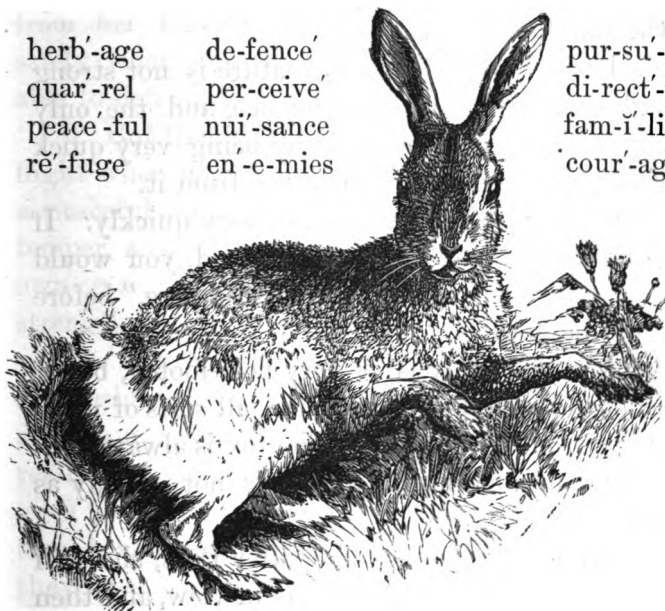
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10. "The first that died was little Jane ;  
In bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released her from her pain,  
And then she went away.
11. "So in the churchyard she was laid ;  
And all the summer dry,  
Together round her grave we play'd  
My brother John and I.
12. "And when the ground was white  
with snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And he lies by her side."
13. "How many are you then," said I,  
"Since they two are in heaven?"  
The little maiden did reply—  
"Oh, master, we are seven."
14. "But they are dead, those two are dead,  
Their spirits are in Heaven ;"  
'Twas throwing words away, for still  
The little maid would have her will,  
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

## LESSON XXX.

herb'-age  
 quar'-rel  
 peace'-ful  
 rě'-fuge

de-fence'  
 per-ceiv'e'  
 nui'-sance  
 en'-e-mies

pur-su'-ers  
 di-rect'-ion  
 fam-ĩ-li-ar'  
 cour'-age



## HARES AND RABBITS.

1. Almost all animals have enemies to contend against. The large, fierce creatures have man for their foe; and, besides that, they war with one another.

2. But none has so many enemies as the hare. Snares and traps are set for it by poachers; sportsmen, with dogs to help them, hunt it; and foxes



and birds of prey of various kinds are continually on the watch for it.

3. Besides this, the poor creature is not strong enough to fight in its own defence, and the only way in which it can escape is by being very quick both to perceive danger and to flee from it.

4. Certainly the hare can run very quickly. If one were to run past you at full speed, you would scarcely have time to say, "There is a hare," before it would be gone.

5. And not only is it very fleet-footed, but it can choose the best road, and tries all sorts of plans to escape from its pursuers. The fox is always considered a cunning animal, but it is not so wily as the hare.

6. When the hounds are after Puss, she will go straight away as long as she is in view, and then she will begin to double—that is, she will come back a little way, and jump backward three or four times, and start off in quite a different direction. This is to confuse the dogs.

7. Sometimes she will jump to the top of a wall, and run some yards along the top ; or she will pass a bush for some distance, a couple of yards away from it, and then carefully retracing her steps, will jump into it, and quietly hide till the dogs run past her.

8. In this way she often manages to escape from her foes; and, I daresay, often gets away safely when animals that are stronger and better able to defend themselves would have no chance.

9. But though the hare always takes refuge in flight when its foes are after it, it is by no means a peaceful animal. Really it has a quarrelsome temper, and has courage enough with those of its own race, or with animals of equal size and strength.

10. Hares have fierce battles with one another, and fight with great fury. When engaged, they stand on their hind legs, like bull-dogs, and are really very much in earnest.

11. When taken young, hares can be easily tamed, and many instances are known in which they have become quite familiar with their masters.

12. The rabbit is very much like the hare, but smaller. Its habits, however, are quite different. The hare chooses for its home a form or seat, the rabbit burrows in the earth. Rabbits live in companies, while hares do not. The rabbit, when pursued, runs at once to its burrow; the hare seeks safety in flight.

13. The rabbit makes a bed of dry herbage for its young, and covers this with down taken from

the mother's breast; the hare prepares no nest, but leaves its young on the bare earth, among the herbage or in the thicket.

14. A rabbit-warren, visited by moonlight, is a very amusing sight. Hundreds of rabbits, of all sizes, may then be seen running about, popping in and out of their burrows, and thoroughly enjoying themselves.

15. Like the hare, the rabbit does not care to come out by day. It is towards evening that it begins to gambol about on the glades, and to nibble its food.

16. Thousands of rabbits are killed every year, and used as food. If this were not done, they would soon be so numerous that they would be quite a nuisance.

**Poach'er**—one who steals game.

**Con-fuse'**—puzzle, put off the scent.

**Bur'-rows**—holes underground.

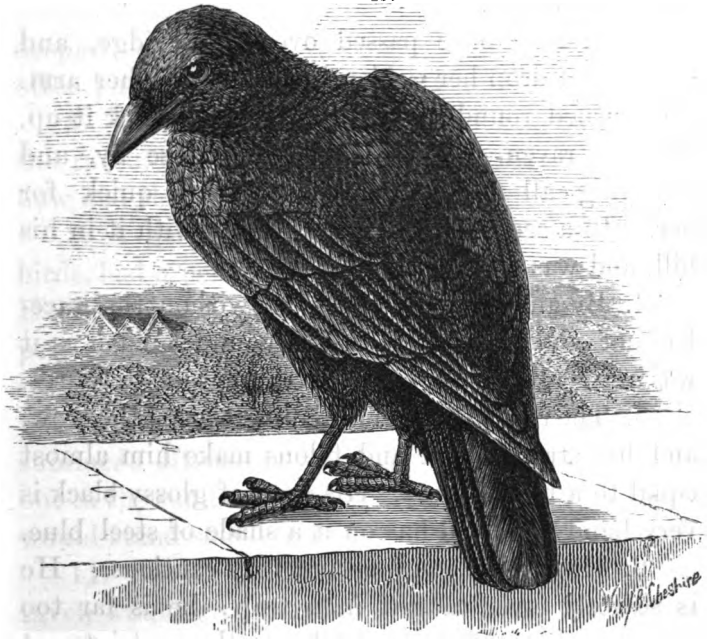
**Re-trāc-ing**—going back over again.

**Gam'-bol**—to play, to dance about in sport.



LESSON XXXI.

brace'-let      cun'-ning      friend'-ly      pa'-tient



THE RAVEN.

1. The raven is a bird that appears to know a great deal more than he chooses to tell. Look how solemn he is, in his suit of jet black, and how intently he seems to be thinking; and he does think sometimes to some purpose.

2. A raven used to hop about the bridge over the Serpentine in Hyde Park, and was quite a public character.

3. A lady once passed over the bridge, and chanced to drop her golden bracelet from her arm. She turned round in a great hurry to pick it up, but the raven, who was standing close by, and watching all that went on, was too quick for her. In a second he had flown away with it in his bill, and was quite out of sight.

4. By-and-by he came back, but without the bracelet; nor could any trace of it be found, hidden as it was in the retreat where the raven kept his treasures.

5. The raven is larger than his relation the crow, and his strong beak and talons make him almost equal to a bird of prey. His dress of glossy black is very handsome, and has on it a shade of steel blue.

6. He is very cunning and very cautious. He is scarcely ever caught in a trap: he is far too wary for that. But he watches with great interest while a trap is being set for some other animal, such as a fox, or a wolf. He waits in his patient and solemn manner till some foolish creature is caught; then, choosing his time, he will step in and devour the bait. He will also rob the nests of other birds.

7. Like the crow, the raven feeds on the bodies

of dead animals ; but if he has a chance of varying his diet he does not scruple to do so. A taste of young lamb, or poultry, or even eggs, he does not despise ; and it is on this account that the farmer often puts a price upon his head.

8. There is always a touch of mischief about the raven, and he likes to torment even his friends now and then.

9. A gentleman, who is a great friend to the birds, had a pet raven that amused him very much. He had also a pet dog, and on the whole, the two pets were very friendly.

10. The raven, however, could not refrain from playing his companion a few tricks. On a hot summer's afternoon the dog would stretch himself out in the sun for his afternoon's nap, and the raven would stand solemnly by, as if guarding his friend.

11. But all at once, as quick as lightning, the raven would give the dog a sharp peck. The dog would wake up with a growl, and look about him. There stood the raven, as grave as a judge, and no one could imagine that he was the guilty party. The dog did not even suspect him, and, after another growl, he lay down again to finish his nap.

12. No sooner was he asleep than there came another sharp peck, that roused him up, and made

him very cross. This time he would look at the raven. But no, the raven has not moved a feather.

13. This game would go on for a long time, until the dog lost patience, and walked away, giving up all idea of a nap.

14. The raven is getting scarce in England; he lives in the wild and lonely parts of the country, and is very seldom to be seen. In the islands on the coast of Scotland ravens are very plentiful.

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**In-tent'-ly**—earnestly.

**Ser'-pent-ine**—an ornamental lake in Hyde Park, London.

**"Pub'-lic char'-acter"**—one who is well-known to the public.

**Gloss'-y**—shining.

**Cau'-tious**—careful.

**Tor-ment'**—tease.

**Va-ry'-ing**—changing.

**Re-frain'**—to keep from.

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## LESSON XXXII.

ditch

dě-sert

va'-pour

pour-ing

juice

val'-leys

de-gree'

float'-ing

### DIFFERENT FORMS OF WATER.

1. Where does the rain come from? This seems a very simple question, and a great many would answer it at once by saying that it comes from the clouds. But how did the water get into the clouds? Are the clouds made of water?

2. Yes ; those grey and white masses which we call clouds, and which we see floating in the blue sky above us, are, in reality, water ; but, of course, the water is not in the same form as we see it in rain.

3. Water is able to take three forms : it can be *liquid*, as it is when we drink it, or when we see it in a lake or a river ; it can be *solid*, as it is when frozen into ice ; and it takes the form of *steam* or *vapour* when it is heated to a certain degree. The steam which we see pouring out of the spout of a kettle is simply the water changed into vapour by the action of the heat.

4. The clouds are water in a state of vapour. Hence, if we want to know where the rain comes from, we must first find out where the vapour comes from, of which the clouds are made. Now, nearly all this vapour comes from the sea.

5. By far the larger portion of the earth's surface is covered with water ; and perhaps, at first sight, it may seem as though there was a great deal of room wasted in the world by its being so, for people cannot live on the ocean, and they cannot drink sea-water.

6. But without all this water, the earth on which we live would be nothing but a parched and



barren desert. Every drop of water which we drink, or which renders the soil fertile, must come from the ocean.

7. Whether it falls on the earth in the shape of dew or rain, whether it gushes out of the ground in clear, crystal springs, or flows along in streams and rivers, it must come, first of all, from the great salt ocean, and to that same ocean the greater part of it must sooner or later return.

8. The ocean is the great source from which supplies of water are continually drawn to refresh the dry land. This is done by what is called *evaporation*, a word which means simply the turning of water into vapour by means of heat.

9. Water need not be made very hot in order to send off some portion of itself in the shape of vapour. Great heat only makes the change go on faster; but the warmth of the sun, even on a winter's day, is quite enough to produce some evaporation.

10. It will thus be easily understood how it is that the warm rays of the sun, as they fall on the broad surface of the ocean, are constantly changing large quantities of the water into vapour. This vapour, when it first rises from the ocean, is invisible; but as it cools it becomes denser, and then

we see it in the form of mists or clouds, just as we see the steam rising from boiling water.

11. The winds waft these clouds over the land, and after they have floated some time in the air they become so cold that they return to their former state of water, and fall to the earth in drops of rain. If the air happens to be very cold indeed when the rain-drops fall, they freeze, and reach the earth in the shape of snow or hail.

12. But it may be said that sea-water is salt and bitter, while that of springs and rivers, as well as the rain which falls from the sky, has no such taste. If the rain came from the ocean, would it not be salt like the water of the ocean?

13. No; for when water is changed into vapour, it leaves behind it whatever other substance may have been mixed with it. Mud is water mixed with earth; but when the water evaporates out of a muddy ditch, the earth is left behind, and nothing but the pure water rises into the air.

14. It is the same with the salt sea-water—the water only evaporates, and the salt is left behind; and when this water falls back to the earth it is pure and tasteless.

15. This is one of the many instances of God's good providence; for were it otherwise, the rain

would fall back on the earth charged with salt or other substances, which would destroy vegetation, while the springs and rivers, which owe their origin to the rain, would be quite unfit to drink.

16. All the rain that falls does not lie on the surface of the earth; some of it soaks into the soil, and makes it rich and fertile, nourishing the roots of plants, and feeding their stems with juice or sap. Some of it falls on the tops of mountains, and runs down their sides in the form of rivulets. When many of these unite they swell into rivers, which flow through valleys and plains, till at last they once more find their way back into the ocean.

17. Sometimes the rain, after sinking into the earth, reaches a layer of clay or hard rock, through which it cannot pass. It thus rests in a sort of underground basin, whence it gushes forth again, in the form of springs, wherever it finds outlets through which it can make its way. How many duties are thus performed by a little drop of rain before it fulfils the part assigned to it in nature!

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**Parched**—dried up.

**Bar'-ren**—not fruitful.

**Fer'-tile**—fruitful, productive.

**In-vis'-i-ble**—that cannot be seen.

**As-signed'**—allotted, given.

**Pro'-vid-ence**—the care of God over his creatures.

**Vé-ge-ta'-tion**—plants, trees, &c.

**Nour'-ish-ing**—feeding.

**Riv'-u-lets**—little rivers.



LESSON XXXIII.

A GOOD NAME.

1. Children, choose it,  
Don't refuse it;  
'Tis a precious diadem:  
Highly prize it,  
Don't despise it;  
You will need it when you're men.

2. Love and cherish,  
Keep and nourish,  
'Tis more precious far than gold;  
Watch and guard it,  
Don't discard it;  
You will want it when you're old.



## LESSON XXXIV.

ber'-ry	roast'-ed	chim'-ney	cab'-bag-es
ber'-ries	scrāp'-er	per'-fume	la'-bour-ers
cher'-ries	jas'-mine	pulp'-ing	blos'-somed
soak'-ing	ker'-nels	parch'-ment	op-press'-ive

## THE HISTORY OF A COFFEE-BERRY.

1. Let us trace the history of a coffee-berry, to see how it grew, and what befell it, in the days when it was red and rosy on the tree, never dreaming how it was at last to be dried, roasted, and crushed, and left simmering in a coffee-pot.

2. If it grew in Arabia or somewhere in the West Indies, the trees there were five or six feet high, and would have grown to three times that height had not the gardeners kept them clipped, for gathering the fruit off the top branches.

3. When the berries are taken off, before they are fit for roasting and grinding to powder they have to go through a process of peeling, and soaking in water, and drying.

4. But let us suppose that our berry comes from Ceylon, and we shall see how the coffee grows there, and how it is prepared for use.

5. In Ceylon there are several coffee estates,

looking at a little distance like gardens stocked with rows of gigantic cabbages, with a few buildings and sheds, a stream, and a water-mill turning with a ceaseless "click, clack!"

6. Far away are the mountains, the tree-covered slopes and valleys, and over all the sky spreads hot and burning, a deep clear blue, such as we never see in England. But drawing nearer, we find that the cabbages change to small shrubs, stunted by constant cutting, and bushy with dark glossy leaves about the size of laurel-leaves, but the green is darker, and the branches droop.

7. Native labourers, or *coolies*, are working here and there amongst them, or carrying loads from the sheds. They look black against the sunny leaves and bright dry ground. Poor fellows! they are very hot, too, very hot indeed; and when they work unsheltered in the sun they can wear no garments except a white cloth.

8. See that house there, with the high chimney, and the roof projecting far to shade the row of open windows underneath it; they call such houses *bungalows*, and in this one lives the superintendent of these grounds.

9. One morning he steps out to take a turn through his estate. He walks up the winding

path on the hill-side, looking all round over the low tops of his coffee-plants as he passes the ends of the rows. Has snow fallen during the night, leaving flakes and wreaths clinging to the bushes?

10. No, it is not snow; but in one night the



BRANCH OF THE COFFEE-PLANT.

plants have budded and blossomed, and the perfume of the thick tufts of white flowers is like the sweet smell of jasmine. But there can be too much of anything, even of sweetness, and the smell of the flowers is oppressively strong

in the hot air. He goes back to the bungalow well pleased. His coffee-plants are flowering; soon will come the berries.

11. But, if he goes that way again two or three days after, the perfume does not meet him. The whiteness on the hill-side is gone, all withered

—beautiful blossoms that only lasted a day. Instead of them, small green berries have appeared, and in the sunshine these keep swelling and ripening, until at last they are large and red, like cherries.

12. Now they are gathered, and the hard-working coolies carry loads of them upon their heads to a low-roofed building near the stream. There the pulping machine is at work, turning and turning like a tremendous nutmeg-grater, scraping the pulp of the berries off their kernels as fast as they are thrown in. The stream runs rapidly outside, keeping the water-wheel going with ceaseless noise, and rushing round and round; and the water-wheel is made to keep the machinery within the shed in motion.

13. But some pulp remains sticking to the seeds thus taken out of the berries, so they have to be left in the sun for a whole day, and then washed in water. Not far from the fields where the coffee-plants grow is a tract of waste ground, where it is all spread out to dry; or if the weather be not fine enough for this, it can be dried by hot air. There is a building heated for the purpose not far from the pulping-house and the water-mill.

14. This finishes the work at the coffee estate



among the hills. As *parchment coffee* it is now sent to Colombo, the port where the ships are waiting.

15. Why parchment coffee? Ah, stop a minute, and you will see. Here they throw it into a large round trough to be crushed by rollers of stone. The husks, a thin skin like parchment, and brittle, break off the seed, leaving inside the coffee-berry itself. Then all the little bits of parchment-like skin have to be picked out, as well as any broken berries.

16. After this it is roasted over a fire, and is then ready to be sent away across the ocean into all parts of the wide, wide world.

**Be-fell'**—happened to.

**Gi-gan'-tic**—very large.

**Pro-ject'-ing** — stretching out, jutting out.

**Su-per-in-tend'-ent** — one who looks over, or has charge of anything.

**Tre-men'-dous**—very large.

**A-rāb -ia**—a country to the south-west of Asia.

**"West Ind-ies"**—the islands lying between North and South America; so called by Columbus, who, thinking he had arrived at India from the west, called the islands "The West Indies."

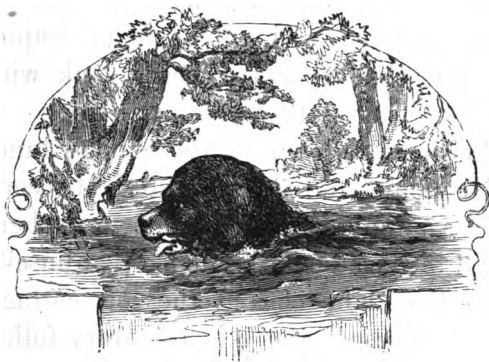
**Cey-lon'**—an island south of India famous for cocoa-nuts.

**Co-lom'-bo**—a town on the west coast of Ceylon.



## LESSON XXXV.

seized	at-tempts'	strug'-gled	o-be'-di-ent
cleared	fu'-ri-ous	be-sought'	pre-pared'
aw'-ful	clasped	mean-while'	be-numbed'



## BRAVE LION.

1. One stormy-looking morning Harry Foster and his two sons, John and Frank, prepared to go to sea for some hours' fishing.

2. Mary looked up at the dark skies, and feeling timid, begged her father not to go. But a boat had been lent them, and they did not like to lose the chance of a profitable day's fishing. So they went.

3. Poor Mary felt very sad as she watched

them until they were quite out of sight ; but she was obedient and dutiful, and she kept back her tears and busied herself as her father had desired her to do.

4. But soon the wind began to blow, and a furious gale came on ; and as Mary saw the big waves all covered with white foam leaping one higher than the other her heart sank with fear, and she could not settle to do anything.

5. So she sat down by the window, and Lion, a fine Newfoundland dog, which had been given her when a puppy, laid himself down by her side.

6. All of a sudden the dog tore himself away, with one bound he cleared the low cottage wall, and rushed towards the beach. Mary followed as fast as her legs could carry her.

7. What an awful sight met her gaze ! There were her father and her two brothers in the little boat, which was being dashed to and fro by the big breakers, and they seemed helpless to guide her course. The water tossed them like a cockleshell here and there, and all the attempts they made to get nearer the shore were unavailing.

8. Mary wrung her little hands, and called aloud in her fear ; she besought the fishermen on the beach to help her ; but they knew it was

useless to attempt to put out a boat in such a heavy sea, and such gusts of wind blowing over it.

9. The dog looked piteously at her movements, and then rushed into the water. Again and again he was driven back by the furious waves, but he struggled on until at last he reached the boat.

10. Frank pulled him in, tied a rope round his neck, and directed him back to the beach. The dog at once jumped into the sea and reached the shore in safety. The fishermen seized the rope, and commenced pulling the boat; but in the stress of weather it was upset.

11. The poor old man could not swim, ill health had made him very weak, and he had no spirit to struggle with death. His sons tried to save him; but, blinded by the water, cold, stiff, and benumbed they could not reach him.

12. Encouraged by his young mistress, again the Newfoundland dog rushed into the waves, and holding old Foster's vest with his big white teeth, helped him safely to land. Meanwhile John and Frank had succeeded in getting hold of the rope, and were also saved.

13. Mary wept for joy, and clasped Lion, all dripping wet, and kissed him a dozen times.

14. She never forgot that day, and she never looked at her pet without remembering that, under Heaven, she owed the lives of her father and brothers to Lion the brave Newfoundland dog.

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**Prö'-fit-a-ble**—bringing gain.  
**Düt'-i-ful**—doing one's duty, viz.,  
 that which one ought to do.  
**Un-a-vail'-ing**—of no avail, use-  
 less.

**Break'-ers**—the waves break on  
 the rocks or beach, and hence are  
 called breakers.  
**Gust**—a sudden blast or rush of  
 wind.

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### LESSON XXXVI.

tail'-or	weav'-ing	singe'-ing	ac'-tu-al-ly
tip'-pet	crea'-tures	pro-vīd'-ed	ma-te-ri-al

#### THE CLOTHES-MOTH.

1. On a fine summer's evening you must have often seen pretty little moths with creamy white wings, flitting about in and out through the doors and windows—alighting now here, now there, and occasionally singeing their wings in the flame of the candle or gas.

2. These are clothes-moths. They are intent on the chief business of their lives, a search after a

nice piece of cloth, or it may be a fur tippet, or jacket, in which to deposit their eggs.

3. The clever little clothes-moth selects a bit of

fur, or cloth, just as she knows which article will best suit the tastes of the tiny grubs which are to follow. In this she lays her eggs, and there she leaves them; and there they lie quite harmlessly till the pert little worms come out — worms that spend all their time in eating and dressing.

4. Strange as it may seem, they are



CLOTHES-MOTHS.

no sooner born than they begin to make their own clothes. Those that have been born on fur begin at once picking hairs, cutting them with their teeth, and weaving them with their own soft silk, into

beautiful tube-like coats, open at each end, which just cover them from head to tail.

5. In just a similar manner do the cloth-boring grubs cut up their cloth for the same purpose ; and all the time the creatures are feeding merrily on the very same stuff which they make into dresses.

6. But there is something more wonderful still about these grubs. Of course they grow bigger as they grow older ; and as they grow bigger, they



CATERPILLAR OF CLOTHES-MOTH IN CASE (*magnified*).

actually enlarge their coats, and they go on doing this as long as they go on growing bigger.

7. They cut slits—not long slits and not all at once, so as to expose their soft bodies to the cold air ; and each of these slits is carefully filled with the same material as the original garment.

8. In this manner they allow for their growing fat ; their growing tall is more easily provided for, as they have only to draw out and fasten on a few silken threads to the end of their tubes, and weave fur, or cloth, as the case may be, into them.

9. Now a curious thing about the cloth-grubs

is, that whatever they use, however much they chop it up and weave it into tissue with silken thread, it always retains its original colour. To produce a coat of divers colours, therefore, you have only to move the little tailor from one piece of cloth to another whilst he is weaving.

**Flit'-ting**—moving with a quick, darting motion.

**A-light'-ing**—settling down.

**De-pos'-it**—to place down.

**Se-lects'**—chooses.

**Sim'-i-lar**—like.

**Or-ig'-in-al**—first made.

**Di'-vers**—various.

## LESSON XXXVII.

coax            grate'-ful            rus'-tled            tomb'-stone

### THE FAITHFUL DOG.

1. "He will not come," said the gentle child,  
     And she patted the poor dog's head,  
     And she pleasantly called him, and fondly smiled;  
     But he heeded her not in his anguish wild,  
     Nor arose from his lowly bed.
2. 'T was his master's grave where he chose to rest—  
     He guarded it night and day ;  
     The love that glowed in his grateful breast,  
     For the friend who had fed him and caressed,  
     Could never fade away.



3. And when the long grass rustled near,  
    Beneath some hastening tread,  
He started up with a quivering ear,  
For he thought 't was the step of his master dear,  
    Returning from the dead.
4. But sometimes, when a storm drew nigh,  
    And the clouds were dark and fleet,  
He tore the turf with a mournful cry,  
As if he would force his way, or die,  
    To his much-loved master's feet.
5. So there, through the summer's heat, he lay  
    Till autumn nights grew bleak,  
Till his eye grew dim with his hope's decay,  
And he pined, and pined, and wasted away,  
    A skeleton gaunt and weak.
6. And oft the pitying children brought  
    Their offerings of meat and bread,  
And to coax him away to their homes they sought;  
But his buried master he ne'er forgot,  
    Nor strayed from his lonely bed.
7. Cold winter came, with an angry sway,  
    And the snow lay deep and sore ;  
Then his moans grew fainter day by day  
Till, close where the broken tombstone lay,  
    He fell, to rise no more.

8. And when he struggled with mortal pain,  
 And death was by his side,  
 With one loud cry, that shook the plain,  
 He called for his master—but called in vain;  
 Then stretched himself, and died.

Ca-ressed'—fondled.  
 Quiv'-er-ing—trembling.  
 Bleak—cold and cheerless.

Gaunt—thin, lean, wasted away.  
 Skel'-e-ton—bony frame.  
 Strayed—wandered.

## LESSON XXXVIII.

oars-men	dě-spair	be-cause'	sur-prised
peas'-ant	yield'-ed	list'-en-er	con-demned'
cot'-tage	re-lease'	de-clared'	gov'-ern-ment

## THE YOUNG GALLEY-SLAVE.

1. A young man was condemned, for some offence, to serve at the galleys in one of the sea-ports of France. Such persons are called *galley-slaves*, and their punishment is to serve as oarsmen on board of a galley, or large government boat.

2. The young man here referred to seized the first opportunity, which occurred at night, to run away. Being strong and vigorous, he soon made his way across the country, and escaped pursuit.

3. Arriving the next morning before a peasant's cottage in an open field, he stopped to beg something to eat, and find a refuge while he reposed a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress. Four little children sat trembling in a corner—their mother was weeping, and the father was walking the floor in agony.

4. The young galley-slave asked what was the matter, and the father replied that they were that morning to be turned out of doors, because they could not pay their rent.

5. "You see me driven to despair," said the father; "my wife and little children will soon be without food and shelter, and I am without the means to provide any for them." As the convict listened to this tale, the tears started in his eyes.

6. "I will give you the means to provide for your family," he then said. "I have but just escaped from the galleys; and whoever secures and takes back an escaped prisoner will receive a reward of fifty francs. How much does your rent amount to?" "Forty francs," answered the father.

7. "Well," said the other, "put a cord around my body. I will follow you to the city: they will recognise me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back."

8. "No, never!" exclaimed the astonished listener. "My children should starve a dozen times before I would do so base a thing!"

9. But the generous young man insisted, and declared at last that he would go and give himself up if the father would not consent to take him. After much hesitation the latter yielded, and taking his preserver by the arm led him to the city, and to the mayor's office.

10. Everybody was surprised that a little man, like the peasant, had been able to capture such a strong young fellow; but the proof was before them. The fifty francs were paid, and the prisoner was sent back to the galleys.

11. After he had gone, the peasant asked to see the mayor in private, and told him the whole story. The mayor was so affected that he not only added fifty francs to the peasant's purse, but wrote to the Minister of Justice, begging the young prisoner's release.

12. The Minister examined into the affair, and finding that the young man had been condemned to the galleys for a small offence, and that he had already served out half of his time, ordered his release.

13. Was not this a noble deed of self-denial

and charity on the part of the young man? And it not only benefited others, but it benefited *himself* also. Can you explain how it benefited himself?

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<b>Re-ferred'</b> —mentioned, spoken of.	<b>Franc</b> —a silver coin used in France and Belgium, worth about 9½d. of our money.
<b>Op-por-tūn'-i-ty</b> —chance.	<b>Ré'-cog-nise</b> —know.
<b>Ré'-fuge</b> —a place of safety.	<b>In-sist'-ed</b> —urged very strongly.
<b>Re-pōsed'</b> —rested.	<b>Af-fect'-ed</b> —moved, touched in his feelings.
<b>A'-gon-y</b> —very great distress.	<b>Ben'-e-fit-ed</b> —did good to.
<b>Con'-vict</b> —a person found guilty of a crime.	

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### LESSON XXXIX.

muz'-zle	for'-tress	mead'-ows	cir'-cu-lar
fore'-feet	bur'-row	struct'-ure	pass-'a-ges

#### THE MOLE.

1. The mole is a small animal, seldom seen because it lives entirely out of sight beneath the surface of the ground.

2. Its plump little body is from five to six inches long. Its tail and legs are short; but it has a long pointed muzzle like a pig.

3. It is covered with black fur as warm and as soft as the finest velvet. Its eyes are so very small

that they can scarcely be seen. It has no external ears ; but its sense of hearing is very acute.

4. It is chiefly, however, by its sense of smell that the mole is guided in its search for food.

5. Moles live entirely underground, and their very existence depends on the ease and quickness



MOLE WITH A CRICKET IN ITS MOUTH.

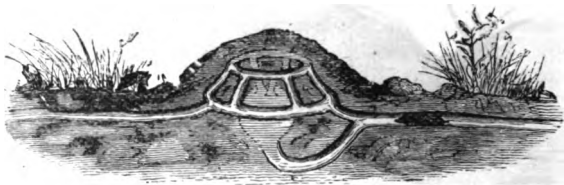
with which they can make their way through the earth.

6. The fore-feet, by means of which they dig, are strong, broad, shovel-like hands, armed with broad flat claws. With these they burrow in search of their favourite food—earthworms and the larvæ of insects—with astonishing rapidity.

7. The mole makes its house underground, and shows great skill in its construction. It is formed under a hillock, or at the foot of a tree, or under a bank, or in some place equally protected.

8. The roof of the "mole's fortress," as its dwelling-place is sometimes called, is arched, and the earth is prevented from falling in by its being pressed into a solid mass when the structure is made.

9. Beneath this roof there are two circular roads, one above the other. The upper is smaller than the lower, and they are connected by five passages leading from one to the other.



MOLE'S FORTRESS.

10. Within these circular roads the actual dwelling-chamber is formed. It opens into the upper road in three places, so that to get to his bedroom the mole has to go first up and then down stairs.

11. The chamber has another outlet by a passage which first descends for a short distance, and then rises again to lead to the main road running to and from the fortress.

12. Eight or nine roads run from the larger circle; but they all, after round-about courses, open

into the main road. This main road runs from the dwelling-house in a direct line for some distance, and side roads run from it, along which the mole goes when in search of food.

13. When burrowing, the mole throws out the loose earth at intervals, forming tiny hillocks. These are the well-known mole-hills, which betray the progress of the animal in our hills and meadows.

**En-tire'-ly**—quite, altogether.  
**Ex-ter'-nal**—outside.  
**Ex-ist'-ence**—life.  
**De-pends'**—hangs on, follows from.  
**Hill -ock**—a little hill.

**Lar'-væ**—grubs or worms, the first stage in insect life.  
**Con-struct'-ion**—make, build.  
**Con-nect'-ed**—joined.  
**In'-ter-vals**—here and there, with spaces between.

## LESSON XL.

ploughed    sep'-a-rate    no'-ticed    pro-ceed'-ing  
 fa-tigues'    ad-di'-tion    in-creased'    af-fect'-ion

### A LESSON OF LOVE.

1. Many hundreds of years ago, the ground on which the great temple at Jerusalem afterwards stood was a ploughed field. It belonged to two brothers, one of whom was married, and had several children; the other was single. They cultivated



the ground together, and shared the produce, binding up the sheaves at harvest-time, and putting them in two separate heaps, or stacks, which were left in the field.

2. When the brothers had both retired to their rest, it came into the mind of the younger that his brother had a wife and children to maintain, and it would be only right that he should have the larger share of the corn; so he went back to the field, and, taking some sheaves from his own heap, placed them on the other, thinking the addition would not be noticed by his brother.

3. The brother, strange to say, had also been disturbed in his mind about the division of the corn, only he thought that the younger brother should have the larger portion, for, as he said to his wife, "His life was a solitary and lonely one, and he needed more than they did to console him under his fatigues and privations."

4. So he too got up, went to the field, and took, as he thought, some of his own sheaves, and put them on his brother's heap; but it so happened that they were the very sheaves the younger man had placed there; consequently, the two stacks in the morning were precisely as they were on the night before.

5. The brothers were greatly puzzled to find them so, but they said nothing to each other, only resolving to repeat the experiment; and this they did several times, with, of course, the same result.

6. At last, to solve this mystery, the elder brother determined to watch the field, and for this purpose went back to it earlier than he had done before. He took the sheaves as usual from his own heap, and was proceeding to that of his brother, whom he met midway similarly laden. An explanation ensued, and we may be sure that the mutual affection of these good brothers was increased by such a proof of tenderness.

7. This beautiful story of brotherly love has come down to us from the old Jewish writers—the Rabbins, or Fathers, as they are called. It teaches a lesson which all children should think of, and act upon.



**Cul-tiv-a'-ted**—made ready for seed.

**Sol-i-ta'-ry**—alone, without companions.

**Con-sole'**—comfort.

**Pre-cise'-ly**—exactly.

**Re-solve'**—to make up one's mind.

**Ex-per'-i-ment**—a particular action.

**Solve**—to make known.

**Mys'-ter-y**—something unknown.

**Mu'-tu-al**—on both sides.

**En-sued'**—followed.

## LESSON XLI.

griev'-ing    laugh'-ter    mur'-murs    a-nem'-o-ne



## THE BROOK IN THE HOLLOW.

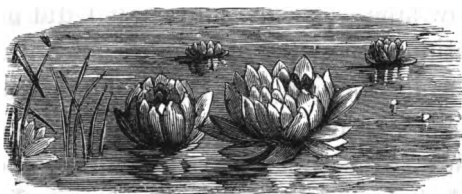
1. The brook in the hollow  
Hath waked from its sleep,  
And under the rushes doth creep and creep ;  
Then over the pebbles,  
So smooth and brown,  
Goes merrily dancing, dancing down.

2. Now, shouting with laughter,  
It leaps o'er the rock,  
Awaking the echoes its mirth to mock ;  
While over the borders,  
So rugged and steep,  
The dainty anemones peep and peep.

3. Then out of the shadow,  
And into the sun,  
All bubbling with pleasure, the glad waves run ;  
Now broader and deeper,  
It moves with ease,  
And murmurs of peace to the scented breeze.

4. The sweet birds drink  
Of its waters bright ;  
The little stars sleep on its breast at night.  
Now quiet, as grieving  
The hills to forsake,  
It glides under lily-pads into the lake.

REBECCA D. RICKOFF.



## LESSON XLII.

cous'-ins	stretched	fash'-ioned	fright'-ened
be-lieve'	hur'-ri-ed	gal'-lop-ing	ex-cite'-ment

## A BRAVE BOY.—Part I.

1. When I was nine years old I came up on a visit to my cousins. We were out at a party together, one evening, and as the distance was small and the weather fine, we were to walk home with the servant who was sent for us.

2. On our way we were passing along a quiet street, and were just about to cross a narrow lane with old-fashioned high-gabled houses on each side, when we heard the rapid galloping of horses and the thundering of heavy wheels behind us.

3. How it happened I never knew, but in another instant I found myself separated from my companions, and hurried along in a rush of men and boys who were following a fire-engine down the narrow lane. In my confusion I did not notice the direction in which I was going. I only thought that I was left behind, and that if I ran fast enough I must overtake my companions.

4. But, after the first rush had passed by me, I saw that I was left entirely alone. I was too

frightened to cry. I felt that something must be done on the instant. I wanted to run in all directions at once; and so I first darted back a few steps, then forward again, and then across the lane towards a side street, in the vain hope of seeing my companions there.

5. At that moment I heard another fire-engine thundering along; my foot tripped, and I fell in the middle of the pavement. Men shouted, and women screamed, but the horses came galloping on. The street was too dark for the driver to see what the cause of the uproar was.

6. But, just before it was too late, some one sprang across the way, and, as it seemed, without stopping to lift me, dragged me through the mud in his spring to the opposite side. "That was a near touch, my girl!" he said, as he set me on my feet.

7. I pushed away my tangled hair from my eyes, and saw that he was a tall, thin, hungry-looking boy, about fourteen or fifteen years old. His clothes were patched and threadbare. His sleeves were too short for his bony arms. But his voice was soft and kind; and though I did not think about it then, I know that there was something about his hollow eyes which made me trust him.

"Come along," he said; "catch hold of me, and we'll see the fire all right."

8. Before I could recover myself, or think what to say, my new friend had hurried me along, till we were stopped by a dense crowd of people stretched across the street.

9. A thick black smoke hung above us, bursting now and then into a lurid glare. Sparks and burning brands rained down upon us, and water streamed at our feet.

10. Just then I found my tongue: "But, please, I don't want to see the fire. I want to go to my uncle's. I'm lost! Oh, if you would only take me home!"

I don't believe he heard or understood half of what I was saying, he was so full of excitement, and the noise was so great.

"Don't cry. Never fear," he said, "I'll take you another way."

11. He hurried me through an empty kitchen, and out again at a side-door. This led to a passage opening on a street, which seemed to be one glare of fire.

"Oh, I won't go there," I said; "I want to find my uncle's house. I'm lost, and they will be so frightened about me."

## LESSON XLIII.

shriek'-ing	crawled	snatch'-ing	pre-serv'-er
guard'-ian	po-lice'	scram'-bling	at-tend'-ant

## A BRAVE BOY.—Part II.

1. At that moment a cry of horror arose from the street. "Stick to me," said the boy, "nothing shall harm you!" We went cautiously to the entrance of the archway, which was barred only by a ladder or two laid across.

2. The fire had just laid hold of the lower rooms of a house some distance to our left; and at a little window, high up in the gable, a white figure was wildly waving its hands, and shrieking in terror. Two firemen bounded to our archway, and, snatching the ladders, hurriedly bound them together, and set them against the house-front. Unfortunately, they were several feet too short; and, still worse, being badly tied, they gave way under the first man who tried them.

3. Suddenly my guardian turned to me, "Stop here, missie," he said; "don't you budge for anybody till I come back, and I'll take you home all right. I know the way up to that window. Look for me up there! Here goes!"



4. So saying he bounded across the glaring street. Angry policemen shouted to him in vain. He disappeared in the dark doorway of an old house to my right, and for some minutes I saw him no more. I shrank back in the shadow of the wall ; but excitement so got the better of my fears that I could not help peeping out, and looking up at those white arms, stretched beseechingly from the window above.

5. "Bravo !" and "God help him !" cried the crowd. And then I saw a figure scrambling through the smoke, across the gables, directly towards the house-front where the white figure stood. I clasped my hands. I forgot everything but the terrible danger of the boy up there ; for I knew well enough who it was.

6. When he came to the edge of the roof, he seemed to kneel down in the gutter between the two gables and peer carefully over. Then he crawled up a little distance ; and, clinging to the cornice, he put his foot down upon an iron stanchion that projected from the wall. He felt it carefully before he trusted his weight to it ; with the other foot he could now reach the window. But it seemed impossible that he could exchange one rest for the other without overbalancing himself, and falling into the street.

7. The dead silence of that moment I never shall forget. The very engine-men stopped pumping; the boy was seen first to kick every fragment of the window-frame into the room, as his left foot hung loose. Then he planted that foot on the window-sill; next the two white arms from within were clasped around him; and in an instant he slid from view.

8. The shouts that sounded now were like the roar of the sea in a storm; but silence fell once more, when the boy was seen bringing out first a baby, then a little child, both of whom he let down by a sheet to a fireman on the ladder below.

9. There was a woman to follow; and this was a more difficult business. One end of the sheet, twisted like a rope, he now fastened inside the window; he then made the woman fasten another sheet under her arms; and this he held till she had let herself down within the fireman's reach; afterwards he let himself nimbly down, and in an instant was at the foot of the ladder.

10. The crowds at either end of the cleared space were nearly wild with excitement; they would have broken madly through to shake hands with the young hero, but they were sternly kept back, and my guardian came back to my side. "Oh, you

brave boy!" I said; I could speak no more. I clasped his hand, and cried, whether for joy, or terror, or admiration, I could not tell.

11. After half an hour's search, I stood, trembling and half-fainting, at my uncle's, with my aunt crying and laughing over me, while my uncle looked from my grimy attendant to my torn dress and dirty figure, in speechless amazement.

12. By degrees my story was told, and I need hardly add that my brave preserver was not lost sight of by my uncle. He is now a successful man, one whom we all know and love.

**Barred**—stopped, closed.

**Budge**—to move, to stir.

**Dis-ap-peared'** — went out of sight.

**Peer**—to look, to peep.

**Cor'-nice**—the part which projects from the top of the wall.

**Stan'-chion**—a prop, or support.

**Pro-ject'-ed**—stuck out.

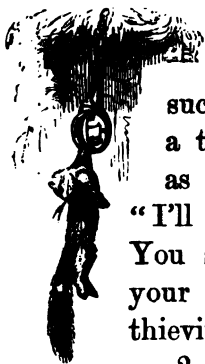
**Grim'-y**—black and dirty.



## LESSON XLIV.

rogue	catch'-ing	twist'-ing	this'-tles
tongue	thiev'-ing	steal'-ing	de-serve'

## THE FARMER AND THE FOX.—A Fable.



1. A farmer, whose poultry-yard had suffered severely from the foxes, succeeded at last in catching one in a trap. "Ah, you rascal!" said he, as he saw him struggling to get away, "I'll teach you to steal my fat geese! You shall hang on that tree yonder, and your brothers shall see what comes of thieving!"

2. The farmer was twisting a halter to do what he had threatened, when the fox, whose tongue had helped him in hard pinches, thought there could be no harm in trying whether it might not do him one more good turn.

3. "You will hang me," he said, "to frighten my brother foxes? On the word of a fox, they won't care a rabbit-skin for it. They will come and look at me; but you may depend upon it, they will dine at your expense before they go home again."

4. "Then I shall hang you for *yourself*, as a rogue and a rascal," said the farmer.

5. "I am only what Nature chose to make me," answered the fox. "I didn't make myself."

6. "True; but you stole my geese," said the farmer.

7. "Why did Nature make me like geese, then?" said the fox. "'Live and let live,' is my motto. Give me my share, and I won't touch yours; but you keep them all to yourself."

8. "I don't understand your fine talk," answered the farmer; "but I know that you are a *thief*, and that you deserve to be hanged."

9. "His head is too thick to let me catch him so," thought the fox; "I wonder if his heart is any softer.—You are taking away the life of a fellow-creature," he said; "that's much to answer for. It is a curious thing, that life; and who knows what comes after it? You say I am a rogue; I say I am not. But, at any rate, I ought not to be hanged; for if I am not a rogue, I don't deserve it; and if I am, you should give me time to repent.—I have him now," thought the fox; "let him get out of it if he can."

10. "Why, what would you have me do with you?" said the farmer.

11. "My notion is that you should let me go, and give me a lamb, or a goose or two, every month, and then I could live without stealing. But perhaps you know better than I. I am a rogue, and



ON THE PROWL.

my education may have been neglected; you should shut me up, and take care of me, and teach me. Who knows but in the end I may turn into a good, honest dog?"

12. "Very pretty," said the farmer; "we have dogs enough, and more, too, than we can take care of, without you. No, no, Mr. Fox; I

have caught you, and you shall swing, whatever is the logic of it. There will be one rogue less in the world, anyhow."

13. "It is mere hate and unchristian vengeance," said the fox.

14. "No, friend," answered the farmer; "I don't hate you, and I don't want to revenge myself on you; but you and I can't get along together; and I think I am of more importance than you. If nettles and thistles grow in my cabbage-garden, I don't try to persuade them to grow into cabbages. I just dig them up. I don't hate them, but I feel somehow that they must not hinder me with my cabbages, and that I must put them away; and so, my poor friend, I am sorry for you, but I am afraid you must swing."

**Se-vere'-ly**—greatly.

**Ex-pense'**—cost.

**É-du-ca'-tion**—the bringing up,  
instruction.

**Neg-lect'-ed**—not attended to.

**Lo'-gic**—reasoning.

**Ven'-geance**—revenge.

**Im-port'-ance**—consequence.



LESSON XLV.  
THE OPEN WINDOW.

1. The old house by the lindens  
    Stood silent in the shade,  
    And on the gravelled pathway  
    The light and shadow played.
2. I saw the nursery windows  
    Wide open to the air ;  
    But the faces of the children,  
    They were no longer there.
3. The large Newfoundland house-  
    dog  
    Was standing by the door ;  
    He looked for his little playmates,  
    Who would return no more.
4. They walked not under the lindens,  
    They played not in the hall ;  
    But shadow, and silence, and sad-  
        ness  
    Were hanging over all.
5. The birds sang in the branches,  
    With sweet, familiar tone ;  
    But the voices of the children  
    Will be heard in dreams alone !





6. And the boy that walked beside me,  
 He could not understand  
 Why closer in mine, ah ! closer,  
 I pressed his warm, soft hand !

—••—  
 Lind'en—the lime-tree.

—••—  
 LESSON XLVI.

weath'-er	crouched	prē'-vi-ous	ex-haust'-ed
load'-ing	daz'-zled	stu'-pe-fied	fa'-vour-a-ble

A RUSSIAN STORY.

1. A Russian peasant was once taking home a load of wood for his master on a sledge. He had been sent the previous day to a village at some distance, with orders to call at a certain place for the fuel on his return.

2. The snow was frozen hard, and the sun was shining brightly when he started, and he hoped the weather would be just as favourable on the morrow.

3. But when morning came it showed that there had been a fresh fall during the night, covering the whole country with a white mantle.

4. A small clump of stunted trees directed the peasant to the spot where he was to procure his pile of logs; and, after loading the sledge with them, he set off towards home, accompanied by his faithful dog.

5. He felt pretty sure of being in the right direction, but as the dark, dull afternoon merged into evening, he had no landmark to guide him, and wandered from the track.



6. His horse, too, was exhausted with the difficulties of the way, blinded with the glare of the snow, and stupefied with the cold. His driver cheered him on with hand and voice as long as he could, but at last the poor creature fell, and all efforts to raise him were useless.

7. The dog sniffed round him and the sledge

for a few minutes, and then started off in what his master thought quite a wrong direction.

8. He found his way to the village, however, and went whining and barking up to his mistress, showing such distress that she guessed what was amiss, and summoned a few neighbours, who, with ropes and lanterns, set out to follow up the marks of doggie's feet.

9. These were hardly needed, for the sagacious animal barked for joy and ran on before them till he reached his master, crouched down by the prostrate horse, and fast falling into the sound sleep from which there would have been no waking.

10. The flashing lights dazzled his dim eyes, but friendly voices and a salutation from his dog's warm tongue told him that help had come, and he was saved at last!

**Stunt'-ed**—short, hindered in its growth.

**Pro'-strate** — stretched on the ground.

**Sa-gā'-cious**—shrewd, clever.

**Sā-lūt-a'-tion**—friendly greeting.

**Merged**—passed.



## LESSON XLVII.

pur-suit'	ac-tiv'-i-ty	de-fens'-ive	cap-tiv'-i-ty
ar'-mour	with'-ered	re-ceiv'-ing	dis-a-gree'



## THE HEDGEHOG.

1. The hedgehog is a robust little animal about ten inches long. It has very short legs, a short tail, and a long black snout.

2. Its head, back, and sides are covered with sharp hard spines, and the under part of its body is clothed with coarse yellowish-white hair.

3. The hedgehog makes its home in woods and hedgerows. In such places it passes its days in sleep, and is rarely seen abroad during the daylight.

4. It comes forth in the evening, and runs about pretty quickly, with a curious shuffling gait, in search of insects and other small animals on which it feeds.

5. Hedgehogs are sometimes taken to London and other large towns for the purpose of destroying the cockroaches which infest the kitchens. In pursuit of these disagreeable insects the hedgehog shows much activity.

6. Besides insects, the hedgehog feeds on earth-worms, snails, and slugs; but frogs, toads, mice, and even snakes are not exempt from its attacks.

7. If danger threatens, the hedgehog does not run away, but rolls itself into a ball in such a manner that the head and legs are hidden inside; the thorny spikes spread out in every direction, and form an excellent defensive armour.

8. If it finds itself falling down a slope, or a precipice, it instantly makes itself into a ball, and in this form will fall from a height of fifteen or twenty feet without receiving the slightest injury.

9. The hedgehog constructs a nest of moss and leaves for its young: it is built with sufficient care to keep out the rain. The young ones when first born are about three inches long, white, blind, and naked, except for the tiny soft spines.

10. The hedgehog also builds for itself a winter nest, mostly of withered leaves, in a hedge-bank, or in a hollow among roots, or even in a hole in a rock or wall. Here it spends the whole winter in a profound slumber. As the spring advances it wakes up, and by its increased activity makes up for its long abstinence.

11. In captivity, if kindly treated, the hedgehog soon becomes very tame, and will live happily for years as a domestic pet.

**Ro-bust'**—stout, strong, hardy.

**Gait**—particular manner or way of walking.

**In-fest'**—disturb, trouble, plague.

**Noi'-some**—offensive, unpleasant.

**Ex-empt'**—free from.

**Pré'-cip-ice**—a steep fall, a perpendicular descent of land or rocks.

**Pro-found'**—deep, heavy.

**Abs'-tin-ence**—keeping from.



## LESSON XLVIII.

screen'-ing	de-script'-ion	ob-tain'-a-ble
rat'-tling	de-li'-cious	cul'-tiv-āt-ed
cush'-ions	a-bund'-ant	fam-ĩ'-li-ar-ly
in-clūd'-ing	a-gree'-a-ble	man-u-fact'-ure

## THE COCOA-NUT PALM.

1. The cocoa-nut palm is the most valuable of Nature's gifts to the inhabitants of those parts of the tropics where it grows; and its "hundred uses," as they are sometimes called, extend beyond the tropics over the whole world.

2. The beautiful islands of the Southern Seas are fringed with cocoa palms, which encircle them as with a green and feathery belt.

3. The East Indies are also rich in this palm; but in no locality is it more abundant than in the island of Ceylon, where its groves stretch mile after mile, and where it is carefully cultivated.

4. The nuts are planted in sand and sea-weed, or in the soft mud from the beach, and are watered every day. The young plants require great attention, not only in watering, but in screening from the fierce rays of the sun, and in protecting from the inroads of elephants, and the ravages of the palm-tree beetle.

5. The plantation is much thinned by the various enemies it has to contend with, but the trees which have escaped begin to bear fruit at the end of six years, and continue to yield an abundant supply for the space of sixty years, when they begin to decline. There are at least thirty millions of cocoa-nut trees in Ceylon, and many trees bear every year nearly a ton weight of fruit.

6. The cocoa-nut, including the husk, is about the size of a child's head. When the trees are laden with ripe fruit, and the wind is high, it is dangerous to walk under the cocoa palms. The nuts are apt to come rattling down on the head of the unfortunate individual beneath.

7. Scarcely any tree in the world is so useful to man, or contributes so much to his comfort, as the cocoa-nut palm. Food and drink are alike obtainable from it. The kernel of the nut is an article of diet, and in Ceylon it forms a part of nearly every dish. The spathe, or sheath that encloses the yet unopened flowers, is made to yield a favourite drink called palm wine, or more familiarly, "toddy."

8. At the proper season, the Indian climbs the tree, and ties a bandage of young leaves round the spathe to prevent the flowers from expanding. He





COCOA-NUT PALM.

then cuts it across, and beats it with the handle of his toddy-knife, and hangs a vessel beneath to receive the juice. Eight or ten quarts will run out every day for a fortnight; the quantity then becomes less, and is at last exhausted.

9. The fresh juice is sometimes drunk without any preparation, and forms a cooling and agreeable beverage; but after a few hours it ferments, and then it is too often distilled into "arrack," the only evil result from the bountiful gifts of the tree.

10. The consumption of the toddy under various forms is very great indeed, and more trees in Ceylon are set apart for its production than for any other purpose.

11. The kernel of the cocoa-nut contains a very useful oil, which is used for the manufacture of candles; and hundreds of millions of nuts are crushed every year to keep up the supply.

12. The fibrous husk of the nut is also of the utmost value, and as much an article of commerce as the oil. It is the material out of which those tough ropes and cables are made, which add to the safety of the ship and help her to outride the storm.

13. Coir is the name by which the prepared fibres are known to us, and, when all other tackling

has given way, and even iron chains have snapped asunder, the coir rope has kept the vessel at anchor, and prevented a shipwreck.

14. Useful as the coir is, it does not exhaust all the fibrous material obtained from the cocoa-nut. The useful brown matting commonly used to cover offices and passages is made from it; to say nothing of brushes, and nets, and cushions, and many other useful articles.

15. The outer part of the stem is very hard, and being the only kind of wood the country affords, it is used by the Indians for all sorts of purposes, such as the making of boats, huts, and implements of every description. It is finely veined, and takes a handsome polish, and it occasionally finds its way into England as "porcupine wood."

16. The strong leaf-stalks are made into yokes for carrying burdens; they are also used for fishing-rods and for fences. The leaflets are used to roof houses, and to feed cattle; brooms are made of the strong veins or mid-ribs, and the bud is a delicious vegetable.



**Trop'ics**—the countries extending about 1,600 miles on each side of the Equator.

**Lo-cal'i-ty**—place, situation.

**Rav'age**—to spoil, to ruin.

**Con-trib'utes**—assists, helps.

**Ex-haust'-ed**—used up.

## LESSON XLIX.

o-beys'  
jour'-ney  
spē'-cial

al-lowed'  
su-pēr'-i-or  
ob'-stin-ate

re-spect'-ing  
suc-ceed'-ing  
af-fect'-ion-ate

## THE HORSE.



SHETLAND PONY.

1. There is no animal which is more valuable and important to man than the horse. He is so strong and so sensible, so obedient, so

affectionate, and so willing, that he deserves to be, as he often is, the friend and companion, as well as the servant, of man.

2. No one who has watched horses with any interest can help respecting and admiring them. I have been led lately to notice the intelligence of the large draught-horses, which are used to draw heavy burdens.

3. Some houses are being built near the place where I live, and cartloads of bricks are brought to the spot, drawn by these horses. They and the

drivers appear to understand each other, and to be on the best of terms. The man generally walks a little before the horse, and calls out to him to stop, or to go on, and the horse instantly obeys.

4. The other day the man ran on for some distance to speak to a friend, and the horse stopped at once, and seemed to think this was a good chance for resting awhile. But in a minute the driver shouted to him, addressing him as "Tommy," and telling him, in language I could not understand, to come on; but Tommy understood. He pricked up his ears, and came on quite cheerfully.

5. Sometimes the man lingers behind, and then the horse turns his head and looks back, and, as plainly as he can without words, says—"Come, be quick! I am tired of waiting here."

6. Another horse, which answers to the name of "Joe," was taken out of the cart, and allowed to graze while his master rested. When it was time to resume work, the master called out in the usual way. Joe looked up, and advanced a few steps, then stopped, and went on nibbling the grass again.

7. The man called several times, but the horse took no notice. At last the man had to fetch him, which he did very good-naturedly, saying pleasantly to a friend, "Joe thinks he'll give me a journey."

8. The whip is not required, and it is rarely used, to these horses. They are kindly treated, and this it is which makes them so intelligent and obedient. Horses that are ill-used become stupid and obstinate, and the more they are abused the less valuable they are.

9. Horses have very good memories. They will become restive when brought into the presence of those who have ill-treated them, and be quite docile with others who have been kind to them. They do not soon forget those to whom they have been accustomed, and much prefer them to strangers.

10. There are many varieties of the horse, and almost every country has a particular breed of its own, which is valuable for some excellent quality or other.

11. The most celebrated and perfect of all horses is the Arabian. The Arabs believe the horse to have a nature



ARABIAN HORSE.

superior to any other animal, and to have been created by God for the special use of man. It is one of their proverbs that, after man, the most eminent creature is the horse. To rear it is the best employment; to sit on its back is the most delightful of postures; to feed it is one of the best of actions.

12. The English race-horse is remarkable for its lightness and speed. He seems to enter into the spirit of the race, and to take a pleasure in it, to understand what is desired of him, and to be as keenly bent upon succeeding as his rider.

13. Numerous droves of wild horses roam over the vast plains of South America; and in Tartary, in Asia, herds of many thousands are found, each herd acting under the command of one leader. The Tartars not only ride their horses, but eat their flesh and drink their milk; so they serve instead of cattle.

14. We must not forget the beautiful little Shetland pony, which is always a favourite with children. The smaller the animal is the more is it prized. Sometimes it is not much larger than a Newfoundland dog, and a strong man has been seen to lift one in his arms.

**In-tel'-li-gence**—power of understanding.

**Re-sume'**—to commence again, to go on again.

**Rest'-ive**—uneasy, restless, not quiet

**Pos'-ture**—position.

LESSON L.

THE FOUNTAIN.

1. Into the sunshine,  
Full of the light,  
Leaping and flashing  
From morn till night !
2. Into the moonlight,  
Whiter than snow,  
Waving so flower-like  
When the winds blow !
3. Into the starlight,  
Rushing in spray,  
Happy at midnight,  
Happy by day !
4. Ever in motion,  
Blithesome and cheery,  
Still climbing heavenward,  
Never a-weary :
5. Glorious fountain !  
Let my heart be  
Fresh, changeful, constant,  
Upward like thee !



## LESSON LI.

jeal'-ous	scamp'-ered	re-peat'-ed
con-ceal'	prac'-tised	ex-cept'-ion
suit'-a-ble	per-ceived'	de-scend'-ed

## THE COOK'S MONKEY.

1. The following account of a Senegal monkey was written by a lady who was a passenger on board of the ship in which it was brought to England. The species of the monkey here described is of a reddish brown colour, only about a foot and a half long.

2. "My first acquaintance with Jack, the cook's monkey, was made in the following manner. A few days after we had set sail I was sitting on the after-deck, occupied in reading, when suddenly a noise between a squeak and a chatter met my ears; and before I could turn my head to see whence it proceeded, a heavy living creature jumped on to my shoulders from behind, and its tail encircled my throat.

3. "I felt it was the cook's monkey—the mischievous, mocking Jack, whose pranks had often made me laugh against my will, as I watched him from a distance, but with whom I had never made the least acquaintance.

4. "Whether from fear or presence of mind I do not pretend to say, but I remained perfectly still, and in a minute or two Jack put his head forward, stared me in the face, and uttered a sort of croak ; he then descended to my knees, examined my hands as if he were counting my fingers, tried to take off my rings, and, when I gave him some biscuit, curled himself up quietly in my lap.

5. "We were friends from that moment. My aversion to monkeys was cured, and I have ever since taken great interest and pleasure in watching, studying, and protecting them. We had several monkeys on board the vessel, but Jack was the prince of them all.

6. "Jack had first been kept to his part of the deck by means of a cord ; but, as he became more and more tame, his liberty was extended, till at last he was allowed the whole range of the ship, with the exception of the captain's and passengers' cabins.

7. "The occupations which he marked out for himself usually began at early dawn by overturning the steward's parrot-cage, whenever he could get at it, in order to secure the lump of sugar which then rolled out. He evidently intended to pull the parrot's feathers, but the latter,

by turning round as fast as Jack turned, and always presenting his beak, kept Jack's paws at a suitable distance.

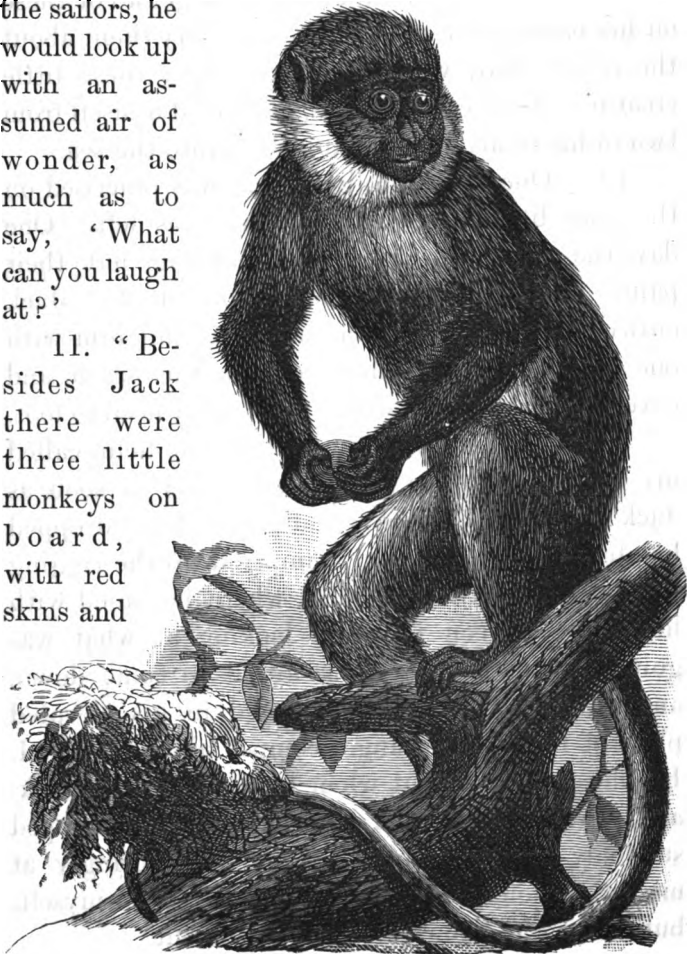
8. "At this early hour I was frequently awakened by the quick trampling of feet on deck, and knew it arose from a pursuit of Jack, on account of some mischief on his part. He would often descend into the forecastle, snatch the caps of the sailors, steal the knives and tools, and, if they were not very active in the pursuit, would sometimes throw them overboard.

9. "When the preparations for breakfast began, Jack would take a seat in a corner near the grate, and when the cook's back was turned, would snatch up something from the fire and conceal it. He sometimes burned his fingers by these tricks, which kept him quiet for a few days, but no sooner was the pain gone than he repeated the mischief.

10. "Two days in each week the pigs, which formed part of our live stock, were allowed to run about the deck for exercise, and then Jack was particularly happy. Hiding himself behind a cask, he would suddenly spring on to the back of one of them, which then scampered around the deck in great fright. Sometimes Jack would get upset, and if he were saluted with a laugh from

the sailors, he would look up with an assumed air of wonder, as much as to say, 'What can you laugh at?'

11. "Besides Jack there were three little monkeys on board, with red skins and



JACK.

blue faces, and Jack would frequently get all of these on his back at the same time, and carry them about the vessel ; but, when I began to pet these little creatures, he became jealous, and freed himself from two of his rivals by throwing them into the sea.

12. "One of his drollest tricks was practised on the poor little black monkey that was left. One day the men who had been painting left their paint and brushes on the upper deck. Jack enticed his victim to him ; then, seizing him with one hand, with the other he took the brush, and covered him with the white paint from head to foot.

13. "The laugh of the man at the helm called my attention to the circumstance, and as soon as Jack perceived that he was discovered, he dropped his dripping brother, and scampered up the rigging till he gained the main-top, where he stood with his nose between the bars looking at what was going on below. Jack was afraid to come down, and only after three days passed in his elevated place of refuge did hunger compel him to descend. He chose the moment when I was sitting on deck, and, swinging himself by a rope, he dropped suddenly into my lap, looking so imploringly at me for pardon, that I not only forgave him myself, but saved him from further punishment.

14. "A short time after this I took another vessel, and Jack and I parted, never to meet again."

**Oc'-cu-pied**—employed.  
**En-cir-cled**—wound round.  
**As-sumed'**—pretended.  
**En-ticed'**—prevailed on, per-suaded, urged.  
**A-ver'-sion**—dislike.

**Main'-top**—a platform placed over the head of the main, or chief, mast of the ship.  
**Im-plör'-ing-ly**—beseechingly.  
**Fors'-castle**—the upper deck on the fore part of the ship.

## LESSON LII.

bed'-stead   land'-scape   ma-jes'-tic   in-cāp'-a-ble  
 pierc'-ing   nā'-tur-al   nūm'-er-ous   nē'-ces-sa-ries  
 poi'-sons   par'-a-sol   fur'-ni-ture   um-brel'-la

### THE BAMBOO.

1. One of the grandest objects in a tropical landscape is a clump or grove of bamboos. And yet the bamboo, with its lordly height, and its feathery crown, is of the same family as the grass which we tread daily under our feet.

2. It might almost be called a tree grass; for the stem, that in the grass is buried underground, rises in the bamboo, and forms a noble column, which has been compared to a pillar of a cathedral.

The stem is hollow like that of the grass, and forms, at intervals, the same knots or joints.

3. In size the bamboo is more like the palm ; and it rears its stately head in the same majestic manner, and crowned by a plume of feathery leaves of an emerald green. It may be called the tree of the tropics, for it grows everywhere within their range.

4. In South America it is considered next in value to the maize and the sugar-cane, and it forms dense jungles in the level country, and in the valleys of the Andes.

5. But India and China are its natural resorts, and there it grows in all situations, on the banks of rivers and on the mountain heights. A hundred columns or stems will spring from a single root, and rise to the height of a hundred feet.

6. Nothing can exceed the beauty of a thicket of bamboo. The traveller seems to be wandering through the arches of some mighty cathedral, built by the hand of nature. The stems are the columns, and the drooping branches form a fretted roof more beautiful than can be described. Birds of brilliant plumage flit among the branches, and monkeys live as in a fairy bower.

7. The bamboo springs from the ground armed



**A THICKET OF BAMBOOS.**



with a sharp point, that can force its way through the thickest mass of branches, as one might thrust a spear through a quickset hedge. The smooth stem mounts upwards and upwards, without sending any branch from its joints, until it has reached its full height.

8. Then, and not till then, the branches begin to spring; at first smooth and without any shoots until they have reached their utmost length. Thus the branches, however numerous or delicate, find no difficulty in piercing the mass. As each bamboo in the thicket sends out its shoots in this manner, a compact mass of graceful foliage is formed by the countless branches crossing and recrossing each other.

9. Bamboos may be seen in the thicket in every stage of their growth. Pointed stems piercing through the tangled mass, tall stems of a clear yellow without any branches, and full-grown trees furnished with the feathery plumes as light and graceful as anything in nature.

10. There is a colossal kind of bamboo, with a stem that reaches a great height before it forms a single knot. This is just what the Indian wants to make the curious weapon he calls his blow-pipe. The blow-pipe is a long tube formed of two pieces

of the hollow stem of the bamboo bound tightly together the whole length. It is a heavy weapon, and rather difficult to manage; but the Indian hunter contrives to bring down an immense quantity of game with it. He blows the arrows out of the upper end of the tube by his breath, and they wing their way in perfect silence.

11. To look at these arrows you would think they were incapable of harming the smallest creature in the forest. They are made of the leaf-stalk of a species of palm, are small and slender, and have a sharp, needle-like point. This point, however, has been dipped in one of those deadly poisons with which the Indian is familiar, and is as fatal as the fang of the rattlesnake.

12. Probably no other plant serves so many useful purposes as the bamboo. In India, China, and Japan, it furnishes almost all the necessities of life.

13. The Chinaman not only constructs his house of bamboo, but all the furniture within it, even to the bedsteads and bedding, is made of the same material.

14. The sails, cables, and rigging of the junks that stud the rivers and canals are all made of bamboo.

15. The young shoots may be boiled for food, or made into smooth soft paper. The smaller stalks serve for walking-sticks, umbrella and parasol handles, stems of pipes, and various ornaments; whilst the larger stalks serve for drinking vessels, water-pipes, scaffold-poles, or for the construction of bridges.

16. There is scarcely any limit to the uses to which this useful plant may be put.

**Col-umn**—a pillar used in supporting a building.

**Cath-e-dral**—the principal church in the district (diocese) of each bishop.

**Feath'-er-y**—the long leaves looking like feathers.

**Em'-er-ald**—a deep green colour.

**"Fret'-ted roof"**—the long leaves cross each other, like the bands in the roof of a cathedral.

**"Quick-set hedge"**—a hedge formed of quick (living) plants. The term is generally applied to those formed of the white thorn (hawthorn).

**Com'-pact**—close, firm.

**Fó'-li-age**—the leaves.

**Tan'-gled**—matted together without any order.

**Col-os'-sal**—very large.

**Junks**—Chinese boats.



## LESSON LIII.

## THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

1. The melancholy days are come, the saddest of  
the year,

Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows  
brown and sere.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn  
leaves lie dead ;

They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbits'  
tread.

The robin and the wren are flown, and from the  
shrubs the jay,

And from the wood-top calls the crow through all  
the gloomy day.

2. Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers  
that lately sprang and stood

In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sister-  
hood ?

Alas ! they all are in their graves ; the gentle race  
of flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and  
good of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie ; but the cold  
November rain

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely  
ones again.

3. The wind-flower and the violet, they perished  
long ago,  
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the  
summer glow;  
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the  
wood,  
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn  
beauty stood,  
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven as falls  
the plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was  
gone, from upland, glade, and  
glen.



4. And now, when comes  
the calm mild day,  
as still such days  
will come,  
To call the  
squirrel and  
the bee  
from out  
their winter  
home;

When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though  
all the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the  
rill,  
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fra-  
grance late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the  
stream no more.

5. And then I think of one who in her youthful  
beauty died,  
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by  
my side.  
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the  
forest cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life  
so brief;  
Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young  
friend of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the  
flowers.



## LESSON LIV.

chilled	numbed	frōz'-en	eas'-i-er
trudged	awk'-ward	re-lief	fran'-tic

## IVAN AND THE WOLF.—A Russian Tale.

1. About three o'clock in the morning, a pale lad was struggling along in the dim starlight under the weight of an awkward-looking gun, with a clumsy bag slung over his shoulder.



WOLF'S HEAD.

2. It was Ivan, making all haste to overtake Michael, the forester, who had gone to the woods with some friends to

shoot black-cock before day-break.

3. On and on he trudged, over the weary waste of snow, keeping in the road to the distant forest. The few trees by the roadside could hardly have

guided him much ; indeed, seen through the gloom, they looked more like monsters put there to terrify him.

4. Once some carts passed by. The drivers were singing in chorus. One of these asked the lonely boy where he was going. "To see some friends," he replied, shortly ; and the man, calling him a sulky fellow, whipped on his horses, and Ivan was once more alone on the desolate road.

5. What a silly Ivan ! you will say. Why did he not go back to his warm sheep-skin and snug cottage ? I think so too.

6. But Ivan thought differently, and once or twice began to run, so afraid was he of being too late. He was soon out of breath, and so tired of carrying his things, that at last he thought, "I am sure all the fun will be over before I get there ; I have been walking all this time, and yet I am not near the forest. It would be far easier to get on without my gun, and perhaps Michael would let me shoot with his if I helped him to carry some of the game home." So he carefully hid the gun behind a tree, putting up some twigs to mark the spot.

7. Then he went on with fresh speed ; but the wretched road abounded with such ruts and holes



that the boy, in spite of his resolve not to be beaten, was as tired and faint as possible.

8. At length the dark mass of the forest loomed in the distance, and his courage revived. In a few minutes he would surely hear the welcome sound of the guns!

9. But what is that sharp sound, like an angry bark, which makes poor Ivan's heart beat so fast? It comes again and again, with terrible distinctness, over the smooth snow, and seems to the frightened boy to be awfully near.

10. It is the baying of a hungry wolf. Alas! no one could mistake it. With a cry of agony Ivan threw down his bag, and fled with all his remaining strength to the nearest tree, which, happily for him, was not far off.

11. How he climbed up it he could never remember, but his bleeding hands and torn clothes proved that he must have made desperate efforts to save himself.

12. Sick with fright he clung to the friendly bough, and looking down from his perch he saw the hungry wolf sniffing at his game-bag. Presently the disappointed animal turned from it in disgust, and trotted hastily on, to the foot of Ivan's tree.

13. It is impossible to imagine the feelings of the shivering boy, with the dreadful wolf growling at intervals, and glaring at him with greedy eyes, longing to get him to the ground.

14. The cold was intense, and the daylight appeared so far off; surely he must be frozen to death before help could reach him! And then tears filled his eyes as he thought of his patient, gentle mother sleeping peacefully, little dreaming that her son, who ought to have been her protector, was himself in such a perilous position!

15. "Oh, mother!" he cried, sobbing, "if I can only put my arms around you once more, I will never, never leave you again! Oh, sister Anna! oh, mother, mother!"

16. But there was no reply, save from the dreadful wolf, who had become so frantic, that the lad crept farther still up his bough, though his fingers were so numbed that he could hardly make them grasp anything. Besides which, the cold made him feel so faint, that in a few minutes he must have loosed his hold, and then down he would have fallen, into the very jaws of the expectant wolf.

17. Happily, however, God willed it otherwise. Relief was near, for at this critical moment Ivan

perceived something moving in the distance. Raising his voice to its highest pitch, he called with all his might for help.

18. Who can describe his joy and gratitude when he heard the answering voice of Michael ringing through the clear morning air! He and his companions had been disappointed of their sport, and were, mercifully for Ivan, coming home by a different route to that by which they went.

19. In less than five minutes everything had changed. Master Wolf lay dead on the fair white snow, having received the contents of three guns through his shaggy hide, and poor Ivan, after scrambling to the ground, had fainted in real earnest, to the grief of the kind old forester.

20. But Russians know very well what to do in these cases, and the men soon rubbed his chilled hands with snow, and made him warm again.

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**Dè-so-late**—lonely.  
**Loomed**—seen indistinctly.  
**Re-viv'-ed**—came back again.  
**Dis-tinct'-ness**—clearness.  
**In-tense'**—very great.

**Pro-tect'-or**—one who takes care of.  
**Per'-il-ous**—full of danger.  
**Ex-pect'-ant**—waiting for, looking for.

## LESSON LV.

## THE MERRY BIRDS.

1. Oh ! the sunny summer-time !  
Oh ! the leafy summer-time !  
Merry is the bird's life,  
When the year is in its prime.  
Birds are by the waterfalls,  
Dashing in the rainbow spray :  
Everywhere, everywhere,—  
Light and lovely, there are they !  
Birds are in the forest old,  
Building in each hoary tree ;  
Birds are on the green hills ;  
Birds are by the sea.
2. On the moor and in the fen,  
'Mong the whortleberries green ;  
In the yellow furze-bush,  
There the joyous bird is seen ;  
In the heather, on the hill ;  
All among the mountain thyme ;  
By the little brook-sides,  
Where the sparkling waters chime ;  
In the crag, and on the peak,  
Splintered, savage, wild, and bare,

There the bird with wild wing  
Wheelet through the air.

3. Oh ! the sunny summer-time !  
Oh ! the leafy summer-time !  
Merry is the bird's life,  
When the year is in its prime.  
Some are strong and some are weak,  
Some love day and some love night ;  
But whate'er a bird is,  
Whatever loves, it has delight  
In the joyous song it sings,  
In the liquid air it cleaves,  
In the sunshine, in the shower,  
In the nest it weaves.



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